

John Hall



John Hall

JOHN HALL

PASTOR
AND
PREACHER



A
BIOGRAPHY BY
HIS SON

THOMAS C. HALL



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TO MY MOTHER
WHOSE EAGER LOVE LIGHTENED
AT EVERY STEP
THE LIFE OF HIM WHOM THESE PAGES
WOULD FAIN PORTRAY,
AND FROM WHOM NOT EVEN DEATH DIVIDES
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY HER SON.

Preface

IT has been a labor of filial love to trace the life of one who left his mark for good upon thousands of lives. The born preacher foregoes a measure of literary fame as he speaks to the immediate needs of men, not in the forms that might make him acceptable to the chosen few, but in the modes understood of the many. My father was himself averse to printing his sermons. He has left but few in such a form that they could be given to the press, and those would, I fear, misrepresent him to those who never heard his voice or knew the charm that separates the born preacher from the pulpit speaker or even the platform orator. He gave his life for his generation. He sought no reputation as either a theologian or man of letters. Indeed he deliberately turned away from work great gifts fitted him to do, for that which he deemed more important; the calling of men to life eternal in Christ Jesus our Lord. The purpose of these pages is to prolong a little the savor of his mem-

ory; to interpret, however weakly, the sincerity and singleness of aim that marked the man, to a generation that needs inspiration to simplicity; to remind friends of what we all have lost, and perhaps, to help some one seeking to live the life of sacrifice and devotion how to make that life more widely useful. The filial relation forbids alike eulogium and critique. No powers at the command of the author can do justice to the straightforward, tender, upright manhood that made my father a tower of strength to every cause he made his own, and a sheltering rock to many weaker ones battling with untoward circumstances. In him strength and gentleness mingled in an indescribably attractive way. He was personally unspoilt by success, and the last tests of his character though they broke his heart, left him without bitterness, humbly and simply leaning on that Father's strength, whose way is not our way, but whose love guarded His servant unto the end. With no one did my father probably speak more intimately on many subjects connected with his life and work than with the writer. The loving confidences of a common calling were unbroken to the end. During the weakness and ill-health at Buxton (England) memory naturally with him went back to early

days, and sitting in the gardens or driving out on the high uplands he told me many things that will always remain with me as vivid impressions of his hopes and aims. His life was no complex problem to be slowly explained amidst doubts and guesses as to the deeper meaning. His aim was as direct as it was high. He felt himself to be an ambassador for Christ beseeching men to be reconciled unto God. May this sketch of his life and work prolong for a little the tender memories of his loving plea.

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LIFE

The "Roscommon and Leitrim Gazette," 11th December, 1850.

Nay, Life is not the thing thou makest it! 'tis not
To work and rest, to eat and sleep, and say—'tis well.
'Tis not to breathe the air of each new day, and tread
Its round as does the sentinel, and boast at night
That thou hast done thy work—it is not insect-like
To flit from flower to flower—and sip what thou hast named
A new delight: but which the wise fear not to call
But perfumed poisons—it is not to kill the time,
As though time were thy mortal enemy—'tis not
To hold up to thy lips the maddening cup, of which
The fire distilled hath, worse than lightning—blighted souls,
And been the prelude sad to fires eternal!
'Tis not, where graceful forms obey the impulses
Of sweet and joyous melody, and revel in
The mazes of the dance, like her, who took the fee
For her performance, in the faithful Baptist's blood!
This is not Life, and if thou deem'st it is—alas!
Eternity will sadly undeceive thy soul,
And Death will prove thy thought supremely mad!
Oh! did'st thou know how minds, once like thine own, regard
Thy trifling, thou would'st surely ask thyself at times
"How seem I in the holy eye of Him who gave
This life, and bade me serve Him ever?"

'Tis not life!

'Tis dancing on the scaffold—singing songs of joy,
When justice saith of thee thou art "condemned already."

No it *is* life, to serve the Maker of our soul,
To feel His power, admit His justice, and escape

TO AN INFANT

FROM THE PERSIAN BY SIR WILLIAM JONES

When thou wast born, a naked helpless child,
Thou only wept while all around thee smiled.
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, when all around thee weep.

I

BOYHOOD DAYS

THE PROVINCE OF ULSTER. THE FAMILY HOME. EARLY TRAINING. SCHOOL LIFE. THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE. EARLIEST MEMORIES. CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

THE Province of Ulster lacks some of the picturesque features that mark the southern and western parts of Ireland, nor is its soil the most fertile, yet a sturdy race has made it by far the most prosperous and contented portion of the Island. This northern section of the country was settled by Scotch and north of England Protestants to whom King James gave the land thus hoping to secure loyal support against the turbulent Roman Catholic opposition.¹ Among the Scotch settlers there went some of the family of Hall. The Scotch home is said to be still in the hands of the older branch of the family.

All the descendants remained true to the old Scotch traditions, and the environment in which the subject of this memoir grew up was thus stoutly Protestant and Presbyterian. He was the eldest son of William Hall and Rachel McGowan. For six generations the family had maintained

¹ Cf. Prendergast's "Irish Settlement."

possession of Ballygorman, County Armagh, where my father was born on the 31st of July, 1829. He was baptized in the same year on October 13th, by his mother's cousin the Rev. William McGowan. There came eight¹ other children, all save three still living. Two little girls died in childhood, and one brother Robert Gillis, only survived his brother by about a year and a half. The three sisters still remain in the home country, but all the brothers either preceded or followed their eldest brother to America.

It is not difficult for any one, at all familiar with the north of Ireland to form some picture of the simple home in which the family grew up. The little cottage still stands in the midst of the fields. A narrow lane bordered by thorn hedges leads up to the doorway. The softly rolling country is dotted by hundreds of other cottages not much varied in size and appearance. All neatly whitewashed, and now rather stiffly proud of slate roofs; these being an innovation. Part of the beauty of the countryside in the early days were the thatched roofs under which the birds built their nests, and twittered a noisy welcome to the early risers. Under a thatch

¹ Robert G., Hannah, Elizabeth, Sarah Jane, James, Mary, Mary Hall, Samuel M.



THE HOME IN IRELAND

roof William Hall brought up his family. He was a man of high standing and wide influence in his community. He was an elder in the Church, and with him the position was one of solemn responsibility. He seems also to have been a much sought counsellor in the affairs of the community and to have enjoyed a wide acquaintance and high respect.

Wealth he did not have. A large family and impaired health shadowed his later days with natural anxieties. Moreover the defalcation of a fellow trustee for a ward placed in their joint charge by the courts greatly harassed him. William Hall at once assumed the full responsibility of making good the loss. This sum was a large one for those days and circumstances; and although he carried out his resolution with unswerving fidelity the effort must have contributed, his children always thought, to the shortening of his days. It was his ambition to give all his boys the education so eagerly coveted alike in the north of Ireland as in Scotland by Protestant parents for their sons. Very early, therefore, the eldest boy was started on the highroad of learning at the little neighborhood school kept by a Mr. Wm. Whitten at Lough gilly. My father has left the following little sketch of that early day:

“Probably a village school in Ulster, Ireland’s most prosperous province, would be less impressive to the adult mind than is a well-ordered Ward school in New York; but to the present writer, at the age of five, or a little more, nothing earthly could possibly be more solemn than the country school, the day he was introduced. He remembers the appalling hum as he approached, the awful introduction to “the master,” the masked battery of strange and scrutinizing eyes, and the agony of suspense in which he sat and watched the retreating friendly form that had sheltered him till then, wondering what would now be done to him! With some such feelings, possibly, the Androcles whose acquaintance was made afterwards, awaited the approach of the lion.

“And the lion became quite tame and like Androcles, even kind. This teacher had only a parish school, one of that sort of which it was playfully said that the pupils mainly learned the catechism, and to take off their hats to the squire. But this man was a true teacher, and a gentleman—he is now a good clergyman in Canada—and if for no other reason, the present writer, in memory of him, will revere the calling of the teacher, and claim respect for the class as long as he lives.”

The more modern methods of learning without work were not then in vogue. The early drill, however, insured fair spelling and some knowledge of the English grammar. The much-thumbed spelling-book still exists, which was learned by heart from end to end, definitions and all. When that had been exhausted a short dictionary took its place, and was similarly mastered. At a very early age the handwriting of little John was formed, and by its regularity and beauty became the pride of a large family circle. So much indeed was this the case, that in the evening the younger children of the family and the neighbors round about were gathered in the kitchen of the farmhouse, and this, as the largest room obtainable, was made into a night-schoolroom with the eldest boy as teacher under the general superintendence of the parents.

Any true picture of the family life of those days would imply almost poverty to those accustomed to greater luxury. The daily fare was of the simplest character. The products of the farm being almost wholly relied upon to supply the table. Fresh meat was not freely eaten. In the evening those who had worked in the fields gathered about the turf fire in the kitchen and over it hung a huge pot of oatmeal boiled

with the buttermilk from the dairy. This with oat-cakes formed the principal food of the whole countryside. Money was very scarce. The farm methods were exceedingly primitive, and the lack of coal and capital made any changes difficult and often unprofitable. Even the clothing was largely home-made and constructed with a view rather to endurance than to fashion. Yet for all this, enforced simplicity was not felt as poverty. Nowhere in the world can there be found to this day, a prouder independence than among the self-sustaining Ulster farmers.

When it became apparent that the capacity of the oldest son easily warranted the ambition of a college education, William Hall took up bravely the burden of making due preparation for this step. Mr. Whitten left soon for other parts, and his successor then confessed not long after that he could do no more for the boy. Some three miles from Ballygorman a man of good parts had established a classical school. The father at first took lodgings for his son near the school, but this plan was found to be inconvenient; then the boy, already tall for his age, walked with his school-books flung over his shoulder in a green bag. The walk was, however, too much for the growing lad, and the father bought him a pony.

To the end of his days he carried the scar caused by the pony throwing him against a mile-stone on the roadside.

The classical drill was narrow in range, but sound and thorough. The Latin of those days was never forgotten. And all through my father's life he had the habit of writing little exclamatory prayers in the Latin tongue in his notebooks or at the close of sermons and addresses. The growing mind of a rather sober boy was now stimulated by the sense of increasing responsibility. For the health of the father began now to fail steadily. Towards eventide the parent would take his eldest son by the hand, and with him would go out to the little orchard behind the cottage, and there overlooking the "far land" in the glow of the closing day, he would commune with God; and he himself prematurely bent with hard toil, anxiety and care, would impress on the boy's mind lessons he never forgot of fidelity to duty, obedience to God, dependence upon prayer, and of faithfulness in all undertaken tasks. Even then the boy's mind was filled with awe and hope at the prospect of undertaking the public ministry of God's word. When the minister came, as was the wholesome custom, and gathered about him

all the children to question and instruct them in religious matters, the eldest boy was always foremost in the accuracy of the answering. Each Sabbath the family made the way "across the bogs" if fine, along the roadway in wet or winter weather to the "meeting-house." Of this my father has left a description.¹

"High trees shade the place. Decent grave-stones, neat walks, beech hedges, and a high, strong wall dividing all from the main street—the one street of the village—give the place the air of a venerable and honored institution where the living worship, and where the dead repose. In the centre of the inclosure, along one side of which flows a rivulet through what was once a glen, rises the main building, solid in structure if not artistic in shape, and approached by a fitting gate, stone stairs and wide and sanded avenue, with the graves of the people right and left of it. You may walk straight up the aisle, with the pulpit on your left and out at the corresponding door, when another wide walk, similarly surrounded, takes you to the 'retiring-room.' Close by this retiring-room are the tombs of the ministers who lived and died among the people, and

¹ In the *New York Ledger*, the owners of which have given generous permission to reprint any material found useful.

over whose graves substantial monuments, with fitting inscriptions, invite the attention and veneration of all comers, and are read and re-read in the warm summer days, when the people are 'waiting for the minister to go in.' Where 'fifty years of faithful service' are credited to a pastor whose remains sleep there—wife and several children beside him—it is not to be wondered at if the name is repeated with tenderness, and held in veneration.

"It is more than fifty years since the present writer was taken as a child to that 'meeting-house.' The minister was, to him, old, for a child counts any one old whose hair is turning gray, but he was remarkably kindly; and the kindness was all the more touching from the gravity of his bearing, and the dignity of his walk. I am not sure that all that he preached was understood, but it was all so solemn, tender, and suggestive of Deity and eternity, and the attention of the people was so reverent, that it was impossible to be inattentive. Much is said nowadays about making the churches attractive to the young, and the effort often leads in the direction of competition with popular institutions that thrive by the number of tickets they can sell. The writer may be mistaken, but all his recollec-

tions would indicate that to make the church and its service solemn, tender, true to the facts of life, real, sincere, and not a show of things not rendered real to the young mind, is the best way to make it revered and beloved by those who have not yet been demoralized by 'spectacles' and palpable insincerities.

"Fifty years ago the floors were earthen, except the great double pews at each end, which were ascended by a couple of steps, of course with a boarded floor and a wooden cover, like the venerable four-poster beds of the past generation. In one of these it was the writer's privilege to sit and, while singing was going on, to gaze with admiration at the huge beams stretched from wall to wall, and on which rested the 'up-rights' that held up the roof, for ceiling the building had none. On the angle made by the walls of two converging aisles stood the pulpit, high, narrow, with a roof over it with no visible support, and below it, a smaller one for the precentor, whose duty it was to give out each line of the psalm, sing it, or rather lead in the singing of it, and then give the next, and so on. These arrangements can be so described as to provoke a smile, but they were on the line of the life of the people; they were of a piece with the ways

of other churches, and they were not incompatible with solemnity any more than with decency. I can well remember the Communion Sabbath—the long tables, covered with the white linen, stretching all the length of the aisles, and the people, psalm-books in hand, slowly and with the most devout bearing, moving out of their pews to their places, singing as they went:

‘I’ll of salvation take the cup,
On God’s name will I call;
I’ll pay my vows now to the Lord
Before His people all.’

I have seen stately processions in historic cathedrals, and still more moving spectacles of thousands starting to their feet under one impulse, but never anything more like reverent acknowledgment of the Divine than then appeared in the old meeting-house.”

Thus he grew up a tall thin lad, not then possessing the muscular vigor he afterwards developed, but with good health, and an envied reputation among his playmates for good temper, and although not strong yet quick and agile. Indeed at jumping he was long preeminent both at school and later at Belfast.

Narrow means lose much of their terror when they are not contrasted with luxury, and do not

place us in the power of others. The struggle with nature was hard for all alike. Manly independence was possible even to the poor. Thrift and daily toil entailed neither personal degradation nor loss of social standing. Work was the normal occupation of all. Even as a young boy my father had helped to earn his school fees by giving lessons to those less advanced. When, therefore, it was decided that he should go to Belfast and prepare himself for the ministry, he looked forward, as did practically all his fellow-students, to helping himself through the course by teaching, prize-taking, and in other legitimate ways. There was a growing family to consider, and little sisters and brothers made the utmost economy necessary.

The atmosphere of the home was in the best sense of that word religious. At the same time intellectual influences were not lacking. William Hall, my grandfather, must have been a man of considerable intellectual force. Even while walking with the plough he would tell his boy stories from the Greek and Roman classics which he had gathered from well-used translations, and early he instilled into his son's mind a love for good English verse. Years afterwards my father could repeat poems he had so learned, and he

never quite gave up the practice of from time to time learning verse. The simple easy rhythm of his pulpit style was, no doubt, in good part a product of this training.

When John Hall went away to complete his education he carried with him, as he did through all his life the savor and fragrance of pious love.

There were in those days in Ireland no committees to grant money to any boy who induced his presbytery to give him a good character and who wanted to study at the expense of the church at large. There were, however, prizes and places that scholarship gave a claim upon. And although very young and by no means strong all the teachers were agreed that William Hall's eldest son should certainly go to Belfast and prepare for the ministry. The last penny of the sum spent by the unfaithful trustee had at length been paid, and the prospects of the family looked brighter. The classical school had been pretty well exhausted by the diligence of the pupil and so at a very early age it seemed best to send the youth to Belfast.

It was a simple boyhood, filled with work, and with, perhaps, a minimum of play. Yet withal that childhood was always looked back to with tender memories of its joys, and a deep and rev-

erent love for all the simple associations, and gentle influences of the home. Of that childhood my father published himself some memories in the *Evangelical Witness* under the date 1861. He was at that time himself the editor, so the impressions were not signed by him, but given under the heading "I remember," by "An Old Boy." Some extracts are as follows:

"I remember the first conscious impression I had of beauty. I think it almost as distinct a recollection as I have. It was a summer afternoon: we lived in the country, and in a house of no particular pretensions. It had trees about it, many of them sycamores, in which the wild bees were keeping up a pleasant hum. My brother—he was younger than I—and myself were playing in front of the house, when my mother raised the window, and calling us, handed each some bread and honey, with some kindly word—I forget what. I think our pleasure pleased her, for her face beamed as it had never beamed to me before, and for the first time I was distinctly conscious that my mother was beautiful! It had a great effect on me. My mother was always good to me, and I revered her, but now I had a new feeling towards her. She was like an angel

to me now. Ah, mother! long years have gone since then. On that face, there has been many a tear, tears over the little dead bodies, tears over their father's coffin, tears, no doubt, over me, and that face is changed to all others. I keep in my heart the photograph that was taken of it that summer afternoon, long, long ago, and I think, like that will be my mother's face to me in heaven.

"I remember the first real cry I ever, with my heart, sent up to God. Do not tell me that children have no troubles. Do not think because the tears soon give place to laughter they did not come from sorrow. I had early troubles, for there were tyrants—cruel and wanton tyrants of eight, nine and ten years of age, at school with me. The teacher closed it with prayer—a good custom,—and I prayed. Prayers wrung from us by fear, I know, are not the best, but they are better than none, and I prayed them. My childish heart did actually ask God to save me from my tormentors. Oh, boys and girls! do not make any child's life bitter at school. He may cry to God against you, and God may hear and avenge him.

* * * * *

"I remember the first deep remorse I ever had. It was a dreary winter day, and I do not remem-

ber how it came about, but a poor wretched dog came into our hands, and I and another boy made sorry sport for ourselves by throwing the creature into the water, pelting it with stones, and when it sweltered to the bank, pushing it in again. In one of its attempts to get out, I bent down to hurl it back, when the creature turned its eye on me with such a look of entreaty and reproach—such an appealing, deprecating look! It went to my heart. I could not touch it again. I wondered how my playmate could. I saved it from his hands, but I was too much of a coward to tell him why. Oh, I shall never forget that look from the dumb, helpless, suffering animal. It may seem profane to say it here, but I *know* the force of ‘Jesus turned and looked upon Peter.’ Many a time I have felt remorse since then, but I doubt if ever it was more poignant than under the eye of that poor dog.

“I remember the first falsehood. My father had taken pains to teach me a lesson one evening, and he inquired particularly the next, was I not best in my class? It was too much for me. I said yes, and felt degraded and condemned. Unconsciously he tempted me, but I should not have given way. And now I am older, I doubt if parents are wise when they inquire too minutely

about the sayings and doings of their young ones, from themselves. Our school, I am sure, was not a wonderful school in any way. You might see the boys and girls on a November morning, when the hoarfrost whitened the crisp grass, tripping along with little red hands, and shining faces, with a book or two under one arm and 'a turf' (of peat) under the other, which, on entering the school, was added to the heap that warmed the house for the day. And yet, simple and primitive as it was, we had the usual variety of character, and I think, speaking generally, those whom I know now, are very much in maturity, what they were beginning to be as children.

"I remember the first lively impression I had of natural beauty. I had gone to another school, from which I was returning through the field. It was the end of March, and a sunny afternoon. Descending a gentle incline towards a little stream, I stepped on the mound that rose above it on one side, to jump over it to the lower bank on the other. I paused before leaping. The water was clear, showing the smooth pebbles underneath it, and the sunbeams glinting off them through the little eddies. The wild plants on the margin were coming out, and the moss and water

herbage had a cheerful tint of green, and all was so calm, so clear, so harmonious, so suggestive of—not thoughts but feelings—pleasant yet somehow pensive—as to seem almost intelligent. It was long before I made my leap, and went on my way. I have seen many things since,—mountain, glen and flood, but did I ever taste a purer joy from these than when I discovered that new delight ?

* * * * *

“I remember the first death I saw. When I was leaving home one morning for school, mother’s face was more than commonly pale. She had been up all night, and on her knee lay the cause of her wakefulness. Poor baby was ill—she feared, dying. Her little bosom heaved—even I could see—too much, and her little placid face had a look of languor as she lay with the head thrown back on her mother’s arms. Mother made me kiss the baby particularly;—her heart, I knew, would fain have kept me at home, but what could I do ? I went to school. When I came home the house was more than usually still, without and within. There was a hushed solemnity over all, and I saw the little baby face, the stillness of death on it, and the little curls drawn out from the small white cap, and falling on the

baby brow, and mother sat looking at the closed eyes, and hair, and little fingers, oh, with what a terrible, still grief! That was the first death that came near me, and I had far more thought about it than children are supposed to have. I used to stand with my mother, when we went to 'meeting'—we went a little earlier often than the people—by the little grassy grave where baby lay, and I knew my mother was thinking of her little one, 'now' she said, 'like an angel in heaven.' I know *now* what mother then felt.

* * * * *

"I remember when I first went to Sabbath-school. It was a union school, the curate and the country being joined in its management, and where little, stout red-leather Psalm-books, with clasps, were coveted prizes among the children, before they were big enough to earn Bibles. When they did earn them by giving in ever so many tickets, each representing a Sunday at school, and so many verses learned 'by heart' what honest pride they felt! You might see the happy little maiden with her Bible in the folded pocket handkerchief, with a sprig of 'sither-wood'—that fragrant (?) plant which the Scottish settlers brought with them—or mayhap a full-blown rose gracing the exposed top of the precious book, blithely

tripping to 'meeting' with father or mother. Ah, me! these simple luxuries are giving place to French gold and fashionable 'gauntlets,' but we do not complain. The world moves, and we believe Ulster has never had as many Bible-loving maidens as at this moment. By such as these, one of them is in heaven now, I think,—I was conducted to the Sabbath-school. There was much learning of texts, and exercise of the memory. There was little exercise of the judgment and no appeal to the heart. The school did good, for it formed good habits, familiarized the mind with the words of the Scriptures; but it did far less good than it might, had there been teachers fit to teach.

"I remember reading seven chapters of Deuteronomy in a morning in that school. On—on—on we went without note or comment. Now that I am older I see the need of training teachers if we are to get good from our Sunday-schools, and I am thankful, and I hope so are my readers, that we have so many to teach, speaking what they know, and inviting to a Saviour whom they have found themselves."

The influences of that Christian home were always emphasized by my father. He felt that such surroundings made a vast difference in judg-

ing of a life. He went himself naturally into all the full duties of the Christian profession, having been baptized into the Church as a child. In reply to an inquisitive editor, he once wrote:

“In reply to your inquiries I have to say, with profound gratitude to God, that I was brought up in the closest connection with the church, learned the ‘Shorter Catechism’ in my home, attended Sabbath-school, and, I think, believed in the Saviour for years before becoming a communicant. This step I was permitted to take at the age of fourteen, after passing through the communicants’ class of a faithful pastor.”

In this home the vacations away from college were always spent. And to the school whence he had gone to college he returned to assist during his leisure time. He also aided his father on the farm as much as he was able to, and while at home made himself useful by teaching the younger children. His sisters say they remember the delight with which he was always welcomed back from Belfast, and to him they always looked almost more as a father than a brother in later years.

II. LIFE AND STUDIES IN BELFAST

LINES TO A CLASSMATE

ON ONE BEING TAKEN VERY ILL

Matt. 8 : 14.

Beside the sufferer's fever'd bed
Behold the Saviour stand,
Calmly He bids disease depart,
And takes the burning hand.
Obedient to the voice of Him
Whose word allayed the storm,
Fever at once the victim leaves —
Forsakes the wasted form.

And is the Saviour weaker now ?
Shortened His helping arm ?
Less willing, or less able He
To shield from every harm ?
No ! He whose word of matchless power
Frees from the threatening grave —
Who set at nought the tomb's embrace,
Has still the power to save.

May He, then, now exert that power,
Make groundless all our fears,
And raise *him* from the bed of pain
In answer to our prayers !
Restore *him*, Lord ! to eager friends,
As gold tried and refined,
That he may preach a Saviour's love,
And mercy to mankind.

—J. HALL.

II

LIFE AND STUDIES IN BELFAST

EARLY ENTRANCE AT COLLEGE. THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE PLACE. DR. COOKE AND DR. EDGAR. THE UNDERGRADUATE DAYS. SPECIAL RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES. THE EVANGELICAL INFLUENCES. HIS FATHER'S DEATH. THE CONNAUGHT PROPOSALS.

IT was at an exceedingly early age even in those days that the name of John Hall was inscribed on the books of the College at Belfast. He began his work there with the autumn session of 1841, and was therefore just beginning his thirteenth year. It is of no little importance to form some estimate of the religious and intellectual atmosphere from which the boy went and into which he entered. Ireland was feeling the full force of the evangelical movement. What Dr. Chalmers was in his way doing for Scotland Dr. Henry Cooke was accomplishing for Ireland. The home in Ballygorman had felt the impulses of a newly awakened religious life. The type of personal piety which was one of the best products of the evangelical movement was familiar to the lad as he saw it in both his father and mother. He was too young to have been

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greatly stirred by the battle which Dr. Cooke had just won against moderatism and a loose Arianism—as it was called in those days. The signs of Dr. Cooke's victory were the enforcement of subscription to the standards and the control of the theological teaching in Belfast. The intellectual life of the north of Ireland had been quickened by the struggle. Although the College of Belfast as then at work would to-day be regarded as poorly equipped, and badly arranged, neither equipment nor systems really constitute a place of learning. There was to be found in its teaching the fresh earnest spirit of a triumphant church. The class-rooms still resounded with the arguments and the battle-cries of the past conflict, but better than these battle-cries there pervaded the lecture-rooms a deep sense of a newly awakened religious feeling. High personal standards of godly living and entire consecration to the work of the ministry made the theological students a powerful influence among their fellows. The whole atmosphere of the place was pervaded by the intense feeling to which the reawakening had given rise.

According to the arrangement of studies the first sessions were devoted to the liberal arts. The professors in the theological department

taught however, here also. Hence the degree conferred upon "Johannem Hall" in November, 1845, is signed by Drs. Edgar as the moderator *pro tem*, Robert Parks, Adam Montgomery (Examiner in Natural Philosophy), Killen (Professor of History), Robert Wilson (of Sacred Literature), Esaias Stern (Mathematics), and John Bentley (Examiner in Latin). From this it is seen that even in the undergraduate days theological interests were not neglected. Lecture courses were paid for as they were listened to, and the student received a card from the professor stating that the fee had been paid and the course completed. At the end of the courses examinations were held, and in many departments extra examinations for prizes were also taken. The note-books of these early studies only in part survive, and are not neatly kept. But the note-books of the later specifically theological classroom work exhibit great care, and are written in the fine and legible handwriting of which mention has already been made.

Student life in those days was not what it has since become; and was totally different from the highly organized life of an American College. The standard of expense was very low, and nearly all earned their way in part at least. It is

needless to say that a walk in the country was the only athletic exercise common to all, and that college life was almost unknown. The students lived in lodgings. They generally supplied their own breakfasts and teas. Dinner was supplied to groups, who clubbed together for the purpose, by enterprising families in the neighborhood of the college building. The class-rooms were often overcrowded. Some of the instruction was inferior in quality. At the same time a spirit of earnestness and work made the life a fruitful one in achievement afterwards.

For a boy so young as was the subject of this life the work was hard, and in addition my father soon began to teach in a girls' school some distance from the college buildings. This work of teaching he maintained until the close of his studies. He often spoke of having rather wasted the first two or three years of his Belfast days, but that is not the impression made by the record of his daily doings. His own testimony however, given in a letter written years after, to a nephew is as follows: "I lost a good deal of time from being irregular in my ways of working, at one time idling, and at another working like a horse, though the result was too often suggestive of another animal with longer ears. I hope you

The College Circle
facsimile of a list of names
in my father's own handwriting.

Mr. Barnett Ballagh Blythen. Co. Tyrone.

Mr. Foster. Enagh. Downmore. Co. Down.

John Hall. Dr. Cadogan. Belfast.

Matthew Kerr. Articlave. Co. Down.

Thos. Killin. Camlin. Boyle.

Thos. Miller. Inagh. 89 Jay St. Belfast.

Thos. Morton. Seymour St. Belfast.

Thos. Howell. Summerhill. Enagh. Co. Down.

John Orr. Greyabbey. Co. Down.

John Robinson. Ballygreen. Dundonald.
(Co. Down)

John Shannon. Drumanshaugh. Downmore.
(Co. Down.)

will work steadily, *never running in arrears*. Be thorough in whatever you learn and *skim* nothing."

Undoubtedly the real intellectual and spiritual influences of the college began to be felt most distinctly when the formal theological courses had been entered upon.

It was at this time that a few earnest friends banded themselves together to pray, to improve their own spiritual life and to promote a new missionary spirit. When separating for their life-work these friends resolved that on Saturday evenings they should remember each other in prayers and by name as long as they lived.

That little roll of names has been sadly reduced by death and the everlasting reunion of an eternal fellowship has begun. The fellowship was very dear to them all, and formed an abiding influence upon my father's life. Often on Saturday nights he spoke of those friends, and recalled the early aspirations and inspirations of those college days. He had later in life a little reproduction made of his list of names and addresses as he furnished them to the little band as a reminder of their pledge.

The missionary spirit was particularly emphasized by Dr. Edgar who met with the students and guided them in their work and prayer con-

ferences. Hence his name appears among those to be ever remembered before the throne of grace, although he was as a teacher looked upon somewhat differently from the student friends. To Dr. Edgar all eagerly went for advice and help, and his theology seems, along with that of Dr. Cooke, to have practically moulded the theological thought of the little band.

The type of thought was that prevalent about that time in Calvinistic circles that had felt the influence of the evangelical movement. Naturally it was eclectic and not always scientifically self-consistent, but in its clear definiteness, and sharp positive outlines, it was a system well suited for the practical work given the men to do.

In Hebrew and Church History and later in Church History Essays my father repeatedly took prizes for good work. These were in the form of well selected books, admirably bound, and well fitted even to-day to grace a good library.

Naturally the north of Ireland looked largely to Scotland for intellectual stimulus. Continental thought left little or no traces on the lecture notes, and many of the modern questions were, of course, not even considered. Dr. Cooke in his controversy had had occasion to build up a very strict theory of inspiration, and this was

thoroughly inculcated not only by himself, but by the teachers whom he had to some degree gathered about him in Belfast. The main outlines of this system were accepted cordially by my father, and he never saw any reason for seriously modifying them.

The influence of Dr. Cooke's clear system softened a good deal by the kindlier spirit of Dr. Edgar is marked in the correspondence of all these student friends throughout its course.

In after years the influence of this supreme man of action is traceable throughout my father's life, even though differences on various subjects had somewhat widely separated Dr. Cooke from my father. At this time, also, a struggle was going on in the then established church of Ireland, which influenced the young student. This conflict was between the evangelical elements on the one hand, and the so-called "high and dry" party on the other, whose ascendancy dated from Laud. In this struggle the sympathies of the Presbyterians were naturally with evangelicalism. This produced a very deep and bitter feeling against the Presbyterians on the part of the Established Church on its high church side. Indeed they attempted to revive old laws by which certain Presbyterian marriages were illegal, and

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only in 1844 was a bill passed in the face of the bitter opposition of the Irish bishops making the offspring of such marriages legitimate. The teaching therefore of Belfast at that time was full of polemic, not always moderate in tone, against the claims of Rome and the High Church Episcopacy. Particularly forceful and complete was Dr. Killen's treatment of the Protestant side of this controversy. These were the special influences that controlled to a good degree the development of my father's thought.

At the same time distinct notes of the evangelical awakening appear in his early religious experience. The very banding together of the group of friends reminds us of similar bands in Oxford and under the haystack in New England. The missionary spirit was new to Presbyterianism, and was an importation from the evangelical awakening. This laid strong hold upon these friends, and the field of labor nearest to them was Connaught and the south of Ireland generally. The students of the college formed a society to support missionaries of their own in this region. In this work my father took an active part.

The social activity of the awakening was also a marked feature of the best religious life of those days. Temperance bands were formed to

combat the great and increasing evils of drunkenness. The older orthodoxy looked with suspicious eye upon this movement, and some fiercely resented it as an imputation upon the virtue and Christian living of undoubtedly good men of the past, who nevertheless often came home decidedly the worse for the social glass always offered at weddings or any social gathering.

It was at that time the custom, as it indeed still is in parts of Ireland to-day, to distribute "tokens" or little pieces of metal before the communion to those qualified to go to the Lord's table. The minister before the quarterly communion distributes these "tokens," going with an elder from house to house. At each house something was offered to drink, and alas! many a time the days before the communion found excellent men of really godly disposition confused and disturbed if not actually intoxicated in consequence of the necessity laid upon them of accepting this mistaken hospitality. Against this evil my grandfather, William Hall as an elder protested. And although he was not himself a total abstainer in the technical sense, he impressed upon his boy John the sense of the evils of intemperance, and led the young student to give much of his time both as a young man and later on in life to temperance reform.

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My father wrote once what he called a "temperate autobiography" in explanation of his stand in this matter. He did not sympathize with the political extremists in his American life, and to some degree the "autobiography" was in answer to criticisms upon his position. I venture to quote the article almost in full.

"In good old times fifty years ago, informal hospitality took the frequent form of a 'glass of wine' or 'punch.' It was the handiest thing to offer a caller who came between meals. The farmers were civil to one another in the way of exchanging drinks at fair or market. Indeed, in many cases, this was the way in which they paid for the care of their horses: they 'put up' in the yard of such an inn, and it was the correct thing to 'take something for the good of the house.' In every parish one could name two or three farmers known to be 'too fond of a glass;' but the thing would not be much or severely spoken of. It was often the one blot on the life, otherwise exceptionally good and kindly. Boys were not encouraged to drink; and commonly did not.

"At college, at the age of thirteen, I heard, now and then, of a student who took drink to excess. Sometimes they were what we called the 'med-

icals.' Illustrating the differences in habits in different countries, for a man to be known as taking 'oyster suppers' then imperilled his reputation. They were a form of costly luxury, indulgence in which was suspicious. We were few of us rich. We all paid our own way, and our class fees, and most of us learned two things—the value of a shilling, and the habit of self-reliance. The only temperance advocates of whom I had then any knowledge were three; first, Father Mathew, who, from 1840 onward, made himself felt in Ireland; then Lyman Beecher, whose 'six sermons' had been brought to my notice by Dr. John Edgar, the third, and who ardently urged temperance as distinguished from total abstinence. Though he took no wine himself, his arguments and societies were against the use of 'intoxicating liquors,' and he did not put wine among them. The first I only knew by public reports; the second by the 'six sermons;' the third I often heard, and later came to know intimately. He was a noble, eloquent, public-spirited man.

"Before graduating I lived for eighteen months in the house of the teacher at whose school I had prepared for college. I was classical master. Friendly entertainments were common, for he

was well-to-do and hospitable. From the influences already named I took no drink at dinner, the way being, on these occasions, to remove the cloth, and set down wines and stronger drinks, sugar and hot water. I recall with gratitude the kindness of his wife who used to 'slip' before me delicious raspberry vinegar, which, with sugar and hot water, looked as nice as anybody's 'tumbler,' and saved the awkwardness of a very verdant youth tacitly rebuking his seniors. The hospitality was well meant, but bad in its effects. I can recall, among others, a man of undoubted genius—for it requires genius to inspire boys of twelve with a love of Homer—whose professional career was marred by the habits there, at least in part, contracted.

"Entering the theological college in 1845, I was a student under Dr. Edgar. Some ministers had been deposed for intemperance. A temperance society was formed; it is hard to say why, but my fellow-students made me its secretary. Its promise was against 'intoxicating drinks.' We were not bound against wine, but we rarely drank it; some from disinclination; some for the same reason that many estimable people here in New York do not eat terrapin.

"We were practically total abstainers, but with

a general idea that to include wine in our pledge would reflect upon names and institutions religiously dear to us. Then I became a minister, and of course had often to remonstrate with persons who 'drank to be drunk.' Many of these were farmers, first in the West, and then in the county-town of my native county. A sturdy farmer of my charge would fall under my eye, on the market-day, when he would rather not have seen me. Talking to him then would have been unwise. Taking him in a calmer mood and a quieter place I would make my kindly protest. These men are commonly honest and frank, and I always liked them for it. 'All very well, for you, Mr. Hall,' (I had not been doctored then), 'to talk that way. You can take your wine. We can't do that; we take what we can get, and it is stronger.' So he would answer.

"Then it was—over thirty years ago—that I came to say: 'Well, I rarely take it, but to take that ground from under your feet, here, now, I abstain from wine, too, as a beverage,' and I found the appeal so made had its weight with them. I found others of my friends pursuing the same course, and also putting it from their table, and ceasing to offer it to friends. When we said 'as a beverage' we meant to exclude

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the communion wine and the medicinal use of it, and on that ground my old associates in Ireland still stand."

The enthusiasm of the temperance band mentioned above for temperance reform finds expression in the correspondence of that date.

Slavery was not a burning question in the north of Ireland, but it was one of the issues forced upon England by the evangelical revival, so in Ireland also meetings were held to denounce slavery and encourage the "underground railroad" in America in its operations just then beginning.

This "heresy," for so it also was deemed by the older orthodoxy, my father also embraced, and this interest together with the missionary enthusiasm soon led to a correspondence with Mr. George H. Stuart of Philadelphia, his distant cousin and lifelong friend.

Perhaps, however, the most signal note of the marked connection between the evangelical movement and this religious interest was the emphasis early placed upon teaching. Just as the Methodist movement began by starting schools, so the missionary activity of the new spiritual life in the north of Ireland was shown in the desire to bring spelling and reading within

the reach of even the poorest, whether Protestant or Catholic. This firm confidence that education must bring the truth of God to light, and a certain fearlessness born of the assurance that the truth will stand examination marked the whole tone of Dr. Cooke's and Dr. Edgar's teachings; it also controlled wholesomely their ecclesiastical policy, but has not always found imitators.

This same Protestant spirit also marked the temper of my father. He felt that even dangerous teachings must be duly and fairly examined, then answered and exposed. In this spirit and under the guidance of Dr. Killen he made as a student an examination of the Jesuit movement, and produced an essay that gained recognition by taking of a prize. The fairness and calmness of the treatment of this topic by a boy in the north of Ireland at that day is a quite remarkable evidence of the sanity of the historical class-room. Naturally the literature at hand was limited in amount and defective in accuracy; at the same time the spirit of the essay is scholarly and although of course intensely Protestant is free from the fanatical perversions all too common in even mature polemical writing.

The personal religious life of the day was also strongly under the influence of the evangelical

modes of expression. The eager, sober-minded student, hardly started upon the ministry before a diary was opened in which religious experience and the results of careful self-examination are duly noted. Later side-notes mark the distrust my father felt of this excessive self-examination made common by the Methodist class-room. At the same time what has for us at this day an air of unreality if not of positive cant, was without question the sincere and earnest expression of powerful longings, not always happily expressed, for a more profound spiritual experience, and a higher personal attainment in holiness.

Another mark was the religious poetry in which all the friends seem to have more or less indulged. In undergraduate days my father filled a note-book with somewhat indifferent, yet harmless and even smooth good English verse. Later he brands the volume as "trash" and marks the fact that now he despised what he then admired, and disclaims particularly some very harmless verse in honor of a young lady related to him and an old family friend. From this on the verses are religious in character, though the literary quality does not improve. In his later studies of English literature the student again returned to secular themes, and often my father has

told me that verse making was in his judgment a fine training for the rhythm and balance needed in a rhetorical pulpit style. He continued also the habit gained from his father of learning poetry, and although he seldom quoted it in his later years, his early sermons have frequent quotations included, and indeed so many are closed with a selection of poetry that it seems almost to have been a habit in early life to do this.

At this time the young student's taste seems to have been for the rather morbid religious poetry of the evangelical revival, and for Byron. He did not own Shakespeare, but at his boarding-house in Belfast the works of the master were in the dining-room. School duties kept him up to dinner-time, or nearly so, and he went directly from the school where he taught to the boarding-place. There in the few minutes that elapsed before the meal was ready he succeeded in reading the whole edition through. The class-book notes of some of the college afternoon sessions are enriched by eager imitations of the dramas that had been thus devoured while he was waiting.

Life early became a very sober reality for the eldest boy in a large family. The head of the household was most evidently failing rapidly.

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Both father and son were eager to see the college and theological courses completed. For the father this was not quite to be. On the 20th of September, 1848, the son was suddenly called to say farewell to his best earthly friend. He had reached home in time, and in a letter to his friend Matthew Kerr he announced his loss. The letter is mature for a lad of nineteen in the midst of his first real and terrible sorrow. He writes :

*45 Foy Street,
September 26th.*

MY DEAR MATTHEW :

The event which has stained this paper (the black border) has been the cause of my long silence at which you no doubt wondered. On Saturday fortnight I was written for to see my father, and till he had passed into a world without sickness or pain I sat by his bed, rejoicing that in him patience had (done) its perfect work. . . . After this he had no pain but what followed from weakness and exhaustion and on Tuesday night last slept in Jesus. The day before I got home he had "set his house in order," and after that act he spoke and prayed as one who had no more to do with the world. He was able to converse freely till the last, and his conversation was in heaven. We had made it a subject of prayer that he might have such glimpses of the glory that shall be revealed as might entirely wean the affections from earth—was that right? At any rate, it would appear to have been granted, as he spoke of the last enemy with perfect composure, talked of his change with joy though we all wept around him, and appeared to have much of the assurance of faith. On my offering him a little wine at one time he said he should soon "drink new wine in our Father's Kingdom," and when I asked him had he no fears for eternity, his answer was "Who is he that condemneth? It

is Christ that died, etc." I have reason to bless God that I was able to talk with him as one FRIEND to another for it seemed as if the relations of father and son were at times forgotten and we became equals in Christ. On Friday most of our congregation, of which he was the *oldest elder*, though but fifty, and very many friends of all denominations accompanied all of him that was mortal to the house appointed for all living. The text of a funeral sermon preached yesterday was appropriate, "The righteous hath hope in his death." . . . I hope you will write to me soon. I trust I am not repining although I feel very lonely and melancholy, at times I cannot repress a feeling of desolation—but I bless God that I need not sorrow as those who have no hope. If you would learn divinity go to the deathbed of a believer, if you would know the meaning of Christ's being precious see a believer looking death in the face. If you would see the sufficiency of the doctrine of free grace to support and comfort in the last struggles hear a believer's dying words. My father's were "I die happy." This he repeated suddenly as if some new idea had flashed on his mind. After this he only repeated with difficulty "Why tarry the wheels, etc.," and soon after murmured with difficulty "joy unspeakable and full of glory!" and soon slept away. Dear Matthew, "may you and I die the death of the righteous, and let our latter end be like his." . . .

Ever affectionately yours,

J. HALL.

This death meant very serious struggle with uncertainty and various calls of seeming duty. The family was not rich. The teaching that had so largely been supporting the student had been given up to go to the sick bedside. And a call to go to work in Connaught had been pressed indirectly by some interested in the schools there.

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The mother was firm in her intention to have the study for God's ministry unbroken. The place in the school was kept open, and my father returned feeling that he could be more use to his brothers and sisters if he completed honorably his course of study. It was with heart heavy with a sense of responsibility for the whole family, a burden never laid down while life lasted, that the bereaved boy returned to Belfast to take up the final duties and decisions of a last year of theological education.

The band of students had settled upon their youngest member to represent them on the missionary field of Connaught. Matthew Kerr and Hamilton Magee were already at work, and with much misgiving and fear and trembling the decision was accepted as "from the Lord," and the immediate future was thus determined. Although with a large measure of self-control my father was really a shy and self-distrustful man. He was also proud in the best sense of that word. Self-respect was born in him, and no virtue has shone more clearly in the stock from which he sprang. He greatly dreaded the coming plunge into active life. He dreaded meeting new faces and new ways. And yet through his shy self-distrust there breaks from time to time the sense

of strength and confidence in his cause and in himself.

He passed out from the college with the love and respect of all his classmates, and the high regards of his instructors. With Dr. Edgar and Dr. Killen his relations became those of intimacy. With Dr. Cooke he always felt a sense of "distant awe," he once remarked, and although the relations remained cordial up to the parting, when death took Dr. Cooke, yet some differences of judgment in regard to ecclesiastical politics prevented, in addition to great differences in age, the same intimate relations that marked the friendships with the others. Moreover Dr. Cooke was in these last years not very active as a teacher, and only in his ministry and in a class in Bible exposition did my father come much in contact with the great leader to whom Irish Protestantism owes so great a debt.

III. THE WEST OF IRELAND

JESUS, SAVIOUR, PLEAD FOR ME!

Weaker than a bruised reed,
Lord, I go Thy cause to plead;
Thou my guide, my helper be,
Jesus, Saviour, plead for me!

Though I meet contempt and scorn
I'll recall what Thou hast borne;
Thou hast shared in failure's lot,
And Thine own received Thee not.

Give me, Lord, Thy humble mind,
Make me courteous, meek and kind,
What I need do Thou impart,
Help me reach man's hungry heart.

Grant me, as in utmost need
For Thee and Thy cause to plead;
Should my voice still powerless be,
Jesus, Saviour, plead for me!

—J. H. in *Missionary Herald*, 1860.

III

THE WEST OF IRELAND

CHARACTER OF THE WEST. THE SOCIAL CONDITIONS. THE POTATO BLIGHT. DR. EDGAR'S NOTE OF ALARM. SYMPATHY IN BELFAST. THE STUDENT MISSIONARY. PULPIT SHYNESS. INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS. THE FORMS OF OPPOSITION. NEWSPAPER WORK. THE CALL TO ARMAGH.

ALL the evils of wrong social adjustment in its many forms have made themselves seen in fearful vividness in Ireland. The distances between the owners and the workers of the soil have been made felt by differences in religion, custom, race and even tongue. In the change from an agricultural to an industrial state England suffered bitterly, but she had coal and made the change to her advantage in the main. Ireland had no coal. Blundering and even purposely selfish laws had wiped out what industry Ireland possessed. Only in the north of Ireland,—where relative homogeneity of population, a greater intelligence, Protestant freedom and the nearness of English coal gave industry a chance to survive, did the population really prosper.

In the south and west the introduction of the potato made existence possible for a large pop-

ulation, but it also excluded any thought of proper progress. No section was more dependent upon the potato than the beautiful but poor province of Connaught, and no part of that province is poorer than the southern section immediately between the Shannon and the wild Atlantic. Here in 1846 the blight that fell upon the potato was felt at once. Hunger stared the peasant in the face.

Dr. John Edgar, professor of divinity at the Royal college of Belfast, was at that time in Connaught making an evangelistic tour. He was the first to sound the alarm of coming famine in a letter which had an enormous circulation. The interest aroused in Belfast was, of course, very great. In a letter to the *Banner of Ulster* Dr. Edgar wrote of the population: "The great proportion of them live on a bare and unproductive soil; a few are possessors of as fertile a land as was ever warmed by a genial sun. But what can a farm of three or four acres—the average size over large districts—do for the support of a family? Oats grown on it all, without any pasture for the lean ass, man's faithful servant here, would be far, indeed, from producing, in meal, a sufficient supply, even were the landlord to forego his whole claim. The potato, therefore, has been the only resource, and in most cases

without any addition but salt, or as a luxury salt fish, their only food. Corn mills are for the rich, and even the old querns,¹ once turned by the hand of the poor, are of no use now; for the pig so carefully reared, and all the corn, scarcely suffice to satisfy the landlord's demands."

The awful year of famine was followed by a year of hunger typhus. The famine had not, of course, touched the richer land-owning classes, but the fever did, and in 1848 their resources were strained and financial disaster followed for them. Ruin passed from family to family over the whole south and west of the country. Then to crown all in 1849 cholera made its appearance and stalked amidst the hunger-racked peasantry, and the now bewildered and disheartened gentry.

It was only natural that the Student's Missionary association, with Dr. Edgar as the leading spirit, should turn to distracted Connaught for their field of labor. So it came about that the association chose one of the youngest graduates of 1849 to follow some friends, sent the year before, into the work of home missions in the west of Ireland.

¹ *Quern* was the coarse hand-mill used to grind the corn for distilling purposes.

It was thus in the summer of 1849, on the 6th of June, that my father started on the long journey, of those days, for Connaught. The mail coach left Belfast very early in the morning, but only part of the way could be travelled by the mail coach, hence a car was used from Cloue to the final destination.

It was with great fear and trembling that the raw and shy lad fresh from college undertook the work. Letters of that period speak of long and prayerful consideration. Self-distrust and fear lest the cause should suffer through inexperience or want of thought made the young student hesitate longer than Dr. Edgar thought right, in undertaking the commission of the students.

The examination before the presbytery had been satisfactory, although shyness had been so marked in the sermon which had to be preached, that one of the older members in kindly fashion told the young preacher he would get more help looking into the eyes of those he was speaking to than by trying to bore a hole in the roof with his eye.¹

The work Dr. Edgar had started in the west of Ireland consisted largely in schools of an industrial as well as religious character. He had seen

¹ The first actual sermon preached was in the little school-house at Ballygorman—his old home.

that the population must learn to support itself, and that particularly the women must be taught some useful art. Thousands of the young men were already leaving the countryside. Women and girls were left. Knitting and embroidering linen were the household arts of the north of Ireland. An association was formed in Belfast of women to cooperate with Christian women over the west of Ireland in founding schools in which reading the Bible and knitting and embroidery formed the threefold course. In this school work teachers were employed, but voluntary effort was also engaged.

My father had had, for so young a man, a wide experience in teaching. As a mere child he had taught a night class, as we have seen, in the kitchen of the old home. From that on he was engaged in teaching more or less steadily all through his course. In his college experience he had had to do with girls and young ladies, some older than himself. All this was of great help to him as he undertook his missionary work in Ireland. Often in after life he has said to me, "No knowledge or experience comes amiss to the preacher."

His work was the inspection of schools, preaching at various stations, distributing tracts, visit-

ing the people at their homes, and establishing Sunday-schools. He rode a good deal from place to place, and preached as often as a service could be arranged. The nearest larger centre was Boyle, and headquarters were near Camlin. Here the schools had had the earnest and untiring support of Mrs. Emily Irwin, the lifelong friend of Dr. Edgar. From the very beginning of the work a warm friendship was established between Mrs. Irwin and my father. Mrs. Irwin had been married very early in life, and very early had been left a widow with three little boys. The affection between my father and Mrs. Irwin ripened into love, and very soon a practical engagement was concluded. The union was a most fitting one, and like interests and tastes made the relationship a sweet and blessed partnership in the life work of the ministry. Mrs. Irwin had offered a site to her own church—the Established Church of Ireland—for a school, but this offer was refused. Dr. Edgar however accepted it, and secured hearty support of his work in Camlin from the whole Irwin relationship. These schools were productive of a vast amount of good, and years after in the far west of America prosperous farms and comfortable homes told of the good the instruction in these schools had done.

One of the little band of college friends, the Rev. Matthew Kerr, was at work at Dromore West, some distance from Boyle, and another, the Rev. Hamilton Magee, was engaged at some little distance from Dromore. It was therefore one of the pleasures of the work that an occasional day could be spent together. Thus on the 18th of June is an entry in a day-book, kept rather irregularly:—"Came home Sunday night wearied from preaching, but did not go to bed. At three o'clock A. M. rode to Boyle, by mail to Ballysodere—thence by coach to Dromore to meet my dear friend Matt. Kerr—all day there—saw 'the Tower' and in the evening joined by Hamilton Magee—happy."

The ordination as missionary took place in October in Ballina where the presbytery met in 1850, and by that time the work of the district was in fullest activity. The discouragements were however great. Many were leaving for America. Land was rising again in rental price from the efforts of English undertakers to increase the size of holdings and use the land for pastorage. Nor was the reception on the part of the Roman Catholic priest cordial. They looked upon the whole movement as an attempt to take advantage of the needs of the people to proselytize.

The work although done by Presbyterian ministers was in some sense undenominational. Money was contributed to the school work by Methodists, Episcopalians and especially by Quakers. The instruction was simple and mainly in the reading of the Bible. Even Roman Catholic teachers were employed, and no pressure was brought to bear on either parents or children to become Protestants, save only as the instruction in reading the Bible tended that way. Yet it was distinctly not only a Protestant but an evangelical work and as such had the natural opposition of the priests.

Nor were the priests the only ones to resent the movement. The High Church party of those days was rather the party of Laud and the "high and dry" Anglicans of English History, than what we now understand by the term. For this type of thinking the Presbyterian Church was more unsympathetic than the Roman communion. The Established Church was sharply divided into evangelical and High Church parties. The evangelicals eagerly assisted in all the work of the schools, and indeed in most cases had charge of them. The rector and curate, however, of Boyle fiercely resented the intrusion of Presbyterian preaching. In a letter dated June the eleventh,

1850, my father writes to his friend the Rev. Matthew Kerr:

“MY DEAR MATTHEW:—

* * * * *

“I fear you think I was ‘stiff’ in the matter of your ‘soiree.’ No, no, I really could not go. About that time the Boyle clergy were preaching against me, and one of the sermons I am told is in the press. The result will, I trust, be most beneficial to us. It was meantime diminished by half our Boyle congregations; one of the curates actually walking before the chapel, and turning the people back. But it has confirmed many of our higher class hearers who won’t be frightened and who come out here (Camlin) to show their sense of the wrong done us. The curate in one sermon, without any names, compared me to ‘Absalom (!) stealing the hearts of his Israel,’ and warned them against being led away by ‘youthful zeal, etc.’ On Monday week a missionary Church clergyman, a rector in County Longford, visited Camlin, where I dined on the day of his arrival to meet him. I asked him to lecture for me next evening, which he did. I conducted the services and he preached. On Thursday he went into Boyle with me and

was a hearer in our congregation. This has set all the High Church element about Boyle into the most violent ferment, and they talk of 'bringing him over the coals' for it."

On the other hand the relations with the Wesleyans and the evangelical section of the Established Church were most cordial. The superstition of the people was very great. At one time a priest denounced from the altar with great violence my mother who was exceedingly active in the school and relief work. That week she was taken very ill with fever, and for some weeks lay at death's door. The interpretation put upon the incident was in danger of really injuring the school work, when the priest himself took ill. He, poor fellow, died of the disease and my mother fully recovered. The superstitious people now reversed the judgment and saw in the circumstance a direct endorsement of what the poor priest had denounced.

Another discouragement was the political condition. The fierce resentment of the oppressed Irish poor sought political utterance. The leaders were however, naturally, not of the highest class, and political violence and short-sighted demands united the landowning and intelligent classes in a resistance to the peasant movement which in-

cluded many reasonable demands as well as the unreasoning violence. The condition was deplorable. Dr. Edgar himself described it vividly in a letter to the *Banner of Ulster*. "The real fact of the case is this:—The poor Connaught man eats none of his own corn, none of his own butter, pig, all go to pay his rent; and whatever potatoes remain after the pig is fed, are the only food, the only support of his family." He also defended in the same letter the character of the Connaught peasant. "It is a libel," he wrote, "on the poor Irishman to say that he is too lazy or too savage to seek for better food than potatoes. His only nourishment is potatoes because the other products of his farm go to his landlord, and because potatoes are the only crop sufficiently productive to save himself and his family from starvation."

Around Camlin the poverty was not quite so great as in some other districts, yet on the whole the poverty was deep, settled and extreme. The Mayo district Dr. Edgar in another place describes as follows: "When distress comes on a man in humble life here, (the north of Ireland) he has some little store on which to draw—if not money at least furniture, or extra clothing, which he can place in pawn; but the Connaught man has no

clothing but what he wears; and as for furniture, you might enter house after house in Connaught, as I have done, and find no table, no chair, no cupboard, no bedstead, deserving the name, no spoon, no knife, no anything, except a square box, and a potato pot, which a pawnbroker would not take in pawn. In fact a large proportion of the houses are not fit for anything that we would dignify with the name of furniture. They have no chimney, no window; their floors are fearfully damp, their roofs are often not water-tight, and the general custom is to have cow, pig, ass, and geese, all in the same apartment with the family—all sleeping together, and all going in and out by the same door."

Amid such scenes the work was often depressing in the extreme, and in the notes and verses of this period there is reflected at times the weariness and heartsickness such poverty and blank ignorance must produce.

The cheerful home in Camlin was a pleasure that could only be enjoyed at intervals. The first year and a half were spent in unceasing inspections of schools and preaching at stations often widely apart, with the congregation at Boyle always demanding steady attention. Then study had to be kept up, and late hours became

the rule. At last health began to suffer, and the diary begins to note the fact that bed had to be sought earlier, and work had to be done in the morning. Yet up to very late in life the habit of my father was to do much of his work late at night. The house was quiet, callers did not disturb, and far on into the small hours the busy pen kept rapid pace on the paper.

In Connaught the habit was formed of writing for the weekly papers. Under a pen-name week by week a poem or letter appeared in the local county paper. And the editor of the *Roscommon and Leitrim Gazette* as well as the *Irish Messenger* soon found out that a young correspondent was writing things their readers were glad to get. Under the letter "P" or the signature "Autos" religious poetry and devotional articles found ready access to the columns of the local papers. Quite independently of the venerated Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, my father discovered as Dr. Cuyler did what a source of power the weekly press, religious and secular, might be made. And all through his life he plied his pen freely. Many times in five different places an article would appear from his ceaseless pen in the same week. He realized himself that many of these had only temporary value. Again and

again he refused to gather such writings into a volume, declaring that like his sermons they were meant for the occasion, and the better fitted they were for the occasion, the less fitted were they for permanent form. Of a number of such poems one obtained a wider circulation than the weekly in which it was published, and is characteristic of the religious poetry more common then, under the inspiration of Cowper, and many lesser poets now forgotten, than it is to-day. It is as follows:

THE MIGNONETTE AND THE OAK.

LINES INSCRIBED TO A MISSIONARY.

I marked a child—a pretty child
A gentle blue-eyed thing;
She sowed the scented mignonette
One sunny day in spring.
And as the tiny seed she sowed
The streams of thought, thus sweetly flowed.

“On thy dear bed the dew shall fall,
And yon bright sun shall shine.
’Twill grow and bloom and blossom then,
And it shall all be mine.”
And the fair thing laughed in childish glee,
To think what harvest hers would be.

I saw a man an acorn plant,
Upon the hillside bare;
No spreading branch, no shading rock
Send friendly shelter there.
And thus as o’er the acorn bowed
I heard him—for he thought aloud.

"Frail thing! ere glossy leaf shall grace
Thy stem or sturdy bough,
I may be laid amid the dead
As low as thou art now.
Yet shalt thou rise in rugged strength
And crown the barren heights at length."

Each had a hope—the childish heart
Looked to a summer's joy.
The manly thought, strong and mature
Looked to futurity.
Each trusted nature's genial power.
He sought a forest, she a flower.

The unceasing activity and the energy of the young missionary had been noted, and already many who by chance had heard him had predicted a wider range for his talents, but he himself was contented with his work and refused to take any steps towards a change. When then it became known that his name was before the congregation of the First Church in Armagh he took pains to make it known that this was by no act or word of his. Then the church asked him, as was the custom, to preach in turn with a number of others. This he refused to do. When asked however to supply the pulpit as the only one the church thought of, he did so, in no way committing himself to acceptance of any call should it come. In fact he wrote plainly, "I am not weary of my work as a missionary—nor can

I move in the direction of leaving it unless the Providence of God seemed as plain as in leading me hither. Now I could not regard a place in a candidate's list such an indication of the path of duty." Family affairs called him to the old home in the County Armagh, hence it was natural and easy that he should supply the pulpit for two Sabbaths. This he did with the result that a unanimous call was extended to him to become the pastor of the church. The notice came on the sixth of January, 1852, that the hearty desire of the people was expressed in the call, and at once steps were taken to sever the relationships existing with the presbytery in Connaught to go to the new field of labor.

IV. THE MINISTRY IN ARMAGH

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D. D., LL. D.

O God, my good desires fulfill;
The bad do Thou restrain;
Reveal to me Thy holy will,
And make my duty plain.

Sustain me by Thy heavenly grace,
And keep me in Thy fear;
Help me to run the heavenly race
With Jesus ever near.

O Christ, my all-wise Prophet,
I sit down at Thy feet;
Teach me to do the Father's will,
For heaven make me meet.

O Christ, my great High Priest,
Ascended now to heaven,
On Thine atoning work I rest,
To Thee the praise be given.

O Christ, my glorious King,
Thy law write on my heart;
And bring me to the heavenly home
Where we shall never part.

There let me sing the song of songs;
There let my praise be given,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The Trinity in heaven.

For *The Golden Rule*, January 2, 1896.

IV

THE MINISTRY IN ARMAGH

CHURCH LIFE IN ARMAGH. MARRIAGE. METHODS AS A PASTOR. MISSIONARY WORK. THE "MISSIONARY HERALD." FAMILY CONCERNS. TEMPERANCE AGITATION. REVIVAL EXPERIENCES. POLITICS AND THE CRIMEAN WAR. THE NEEDS OF DUBLIN.

THE circumstances of the church life in the new field were entirely different from those of the missionary activity in the west of Ireland. The First Presbyterian Church in Armagh was second only perhaps to Mary's Abbey, Dublin, in the councils of the Church. The personal influence of Dr. Cooke had made, indeed, his church in Belfast a leader in all good works, but the Armagh church had a long and honorable history that gave it a unique place. An able and godly ministry had preceded the vacancy of 1851, but various reasons had made the later years of that ministry less effective in the country districts, dependent still upon the Church, than it once had been. The farmers of the so-called "townlands" had been in the habit of making the gallery of the church their special place. This gallery had suffered sorely from the physical inabil-

ity of the preceding ministry. It would seem somewhat a drain upon courage to face the problem of winning the support of townlands bearing such names as Aghanore, Aghavilly, Ballinagallia, Ballyharidan, Ballymorán, Cloughfin, Killyfaddy, Tullygarnon and Torryskean. Moreover there were fifty-four of these centres with names in some cases even more formidable. Beside these townlands there was the town of Armagh itself, with a population very different in some respects from the townland congregation. For the dealing with these two sections of the church life the experiences in Belfast and the knowledge of country ways from boyhood up gave my father a good preparation. His health also had improved in the west of Ireland. Good care had been taken of him there, particularly by a relative of Mrs. Irwin. He lived while there not more than a mile and a half from Camlin at a house called Granny, and although working hard was free from undue anxiety.

The settlement in Armagh made an early marriage possible and the engagement of my father to Mrs. Emily Irwin was soon made known. A little sketch of my mother was furnished, at one time to a well-known journal by my father himself. It was almost as follows: "Mrs. Hall was born



MRS. JOHN HALL

at Monkstown Castle, County Dublin, a younger daughter of an exceptionally large family. Her father was a Mr. Bolton, who married Miss Carpenter, who died in comparatively early life. Emily, who afterwards became Mrs. Hall, was educated in Dublin at a school superintended by an accomplished French lady. The Bolton family travelled a good deal in France and elsewhere, and in later years most of the members lived in England, although still retaining homes and property in Ireland. At a very early age Miss Emily Bolton was married to John Irwin, Esq., J. P., a landed proprietor in the west of Ireland, and settled at no great distance from the home of an older sister also married to a landlord in the neighborhood. Mr. Irwin died after a few years of happy married life, leaving his widow with three boys, one of them born after his death. Another sister of hers having married a brother of Mr. Irwin and living in the neighborhood, and in the midst of a large connection of relatives, Mrs. Irwin continued to live in the family home which was pleasantly situated near the town of Boyle in the county of Roscommon.

When the "famine" following what was known as the potato failure came, multitudes of the poor peasantry around were starving. Mrs.

Irwin and her sister-in-law looked about to give some employment. Little could be done for the men, although the land-steward employed as many of them as could be well provided with work. At that time, however, a kind of embroidery known as "sewed muslin work" was being done largely in the north of Ireland. Firms in Scotland furnished for this purpose the material and payed for the work. Mrs. Irwin decided on trying to introduce this work. This she succeeded in doing, and by the aid of the society in Belfast under the guidance of Dr. Edgar hundreds were in this way saved and given the means of earning an honorable wage.

It was, as we have seen, in the midst of this activity that my father met the partner of forty-six years of joy and sorrow. Mrs. Irwin's sympathies were with the extreme evangelical wing of the Established Church to which she belonged. Her loyalty to the Established Church was much shaken however, by the way in which the school work and the effort of the association in Belfast were met by the narrower section of the High Churchmen; it was therefore an easy thing for her to throw in her lot with the Presbyterian faith. She did it intelligently and heartily, and faithfully served its interests as she conceived those interests

to be identical with God's kingdom from that time on.

The wedding was a quiet one in June 15th, 1852, at the Presbyterian Church in Kingston from the house of General Irwin her brother, and then after a short wedding trip the united life began in the Master's service. It was a family circle from the beginning, for not only were the three boys of the first marriage in the home, but also the youngest brother James, little more than a lad at that time, was still under his brother's care. Even in Connaught he had largely been with his brother.

In Armagh were developed those powers as pastor and preacher which made the future career so fruitful. It was the habit of the little Belfast student circle, when members of it met to say half-playfully to each other, "Now, preach good sermons!" More than once my father had occasion to emphasize the character of the congregation, as one exceedingly helpful and stimulating. Many of those living in the city were thoughtful and highly educated people. On this account the substance of the sermon had to be such as would edify them, while the style and manner had to be simple enough for the thought to be grasped by busy farmers and their tired

wives, whose opportunities for enlarging their vision were limited.

To one member of that congregation my father felt himself deeply indebted on many accounts. He was a physician of high character and of eminent professional skill. He was more over a man of culture, and old enough to speak in a fatherly way to the young preacher. Profoundly attached to his minister, his years enabled him to give many a helpful piece of advice. This doctor in the providence of God was the means of saving the life of the third boy, and in gratitude for this, and many other services, the present writer bears his name.

The need of the congregation was a closer touch with the outlying regions dependent on the Church. At once my father began that systematic visiting which marked his ministerial life throughout. He was in the habit of announcing a prayer-meeting in one of these districts on a certain day and hour, having arranged with some household for the use of their largest room. Then he visited round about all the day, often taking his supper at some of the houses, spoke at the prayer-meeting, encouraged the people to attend regularly the Sunday services, and then made his way home.

The note-books of those days are filled with such entries as, "Visit in Moneypatrick and

preach same evening at house of Mr. ———, home at eleven." These prayer-meetings and extra preaching services were at first criticised as "Methodist" and quite "un-Presbyterian," but the results were soon seen in the gallery as well as on the floor of the Church, and week after week the congregations grew steadily and quietly, but with permanent strength. In all else my father's methods were inclined to be a little unsystematic. He had a remarkable memory, and could afford to trust it where others would have used some system. In his visiting, however, from the beginning he kept careful records and worked with steady and persistent system.

In his later years he sometimes remarked that the difficulty of pastoral visitation had changed. In the Armagh days he needed tact and resource to prevent his visitation being purely official ministerial and professional. In those days it was expected that the children should be questioned, and say their catechism, and then the minister prayed with the household. In addition to this he desired to come as a friend, to share the social life and know the real needs of those to whom he ministered. In his later life the difficulty was the other way. He needed tact and resource to give his visiting the ministerial and spiritual significance he coveted for it.

The wave of religious life that had swept over England and Scotland reached Ireland somewhat later, but from time to time the feeling arose of new spiritual needs and of aroused spiritual hunger. Such an era followed the famine. The attempt was made in Ireland to carry the Gospel to all classes. In this work the young preacher took a deep interest, and the correspondence of 1853 shows how active a part he took. Public meetings in behalf of the South of Ireland were held. These meetings were at times stormy. In a letter to his friend Matthew Kerr dated August 17th, 1853, he writes: "The effect of the proceedings in the South (the political outrages becoming more and more common at that time) on our efforts in the North is bad. We had good order in Armagh till last Friday night when we were regularly mobbed here! This renders the effort *unsavory* with our fashionables; but it would never do to give violence a victory, so we try it again next Friday." Later letters speak of the "complete triumph of the cause" and of orderly meetings in behalf of the work in the south of Ireland. The relative failure of the evangelistic efforts of Protestantism in Ireland is due to the fact that Protestantism is identified in the minds of the common Roman Catholic peo-

ple with an alien race and a hostile social class. The particular meeting that was mobbed was for the Hibernian Bible Society whose mission it was to circulate the Bible in the English tongue among all classes, and to carry on a work of evangelization among the Roman Catholics. The vigorous and aggressive Protestantism of the movement was however tempered by the kindly sympathies of those who were chiefly interested. Dr. Edgar always defended the Connaught Roman Catholics even when a lawless few were doing their worst to bring the whole countryside into discredit.

In once urging in public speech the cause of Connaught Dr. Edgar said, "In acting thus kindly towards the people of Connaught, you will only be imitating the great kindness which the poorest among them would show you if you were living or travelling among them. In the midst of abject poverty and absolute destitution, their generosity and hospitality are most affecting. They make no inquiry whether you are Protestant or Roman Catholic: it is enough for them that you are a man and a stranger. With them, Stranger is a holy name, and whatsoever their house contains is at your service."

Perhaps also no Protestant in all Ireland was at one time more popular in his way among the

Roman Catholics than Matthew Kerr, and my father, with a deep-rooted horror of the errors as he saw them of Rome, and with a profound persuasion that Protestants were ignorant of and careless about the dangers of Romanism, yet sought to be fair and generous in his controversy with them, and on more than one occasion fought their battle when he thought them being wronged. Hence, as generally happens, in such cases, he was in spite of his sturdy Protestantism believed in and greatly respected by his Roman Catholic fellow-citizens.

In pursuance of the missionary purpose so recently implanted in the reinvigorated life of the church in Ireland, literary matter was in demand. Hence in 1855 my father took charge of *The Children's Missionary Herald*, and carried it on until 1860, when he gave it into the hands of his friend Matthew Kerr, that he might be free for another literary enterprise along the same but larger lines in Dublin. In the October number, in 1858, was reprinted, bad spelling and all, a letter received from one of his Connaught pupils who had gone to America. The writer of the letter, a mere lad when he left Ireland, sent for his father and mother, and later for his whole family. The letter is in part as follows: "I wonder if

you have forgotten me. I have been wishing to hear or get a few lines from you. You are as fresh upon my mind as when I left Camlin. O the kindness you bestowed on me—the pains you took in instructing me, when I was young and inexperienced. If I was to see you face to face, I would be able to tell you how thankful I am to you. It is often when I am wandring through this wilderness of a country I pray that the blessing of God might be with you, and if it please God that I might see you here on earth, I will be able to tell you how happy I sometimes feel, and may the Lord grant that we may well prepare for that hour which no man knoweth save Him above. My dear friend, though the rowling seas are between us, do remember me and pray for me. . . . In regard to our living, we have as good a living hear as the richest man in that country. . . . I kept your last letter in my pocket till it crumbled away. If I mistake not you asked me what church I belong to, I atach myself to the Methodest Church in ——, but I have a great liking for all Christian people.” Some twelve years later my father did visit in the west of America the prosperous and well-to-do man, whom he had taught as a poor half-starved cowherd in the wilds of Connaught.

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In Armagh were born all the children save one daughter, born in Dublin, and besides the responsibility of his own family there fell on the shoulders of the eldest son the additional burden of his younger brothers and sisters. Cheerfully and lovingly all his life he was, as his youngest sister testified, more of a father than a brother to them all.

Very early the parents in dedicating their eldest son to the ministry had desired that he should go as a foreign missionary, when the failing health of the father made it apparent that the eldest son would have more than usual responsibility. William Hall had said, "we cannot spare John, he must take my place," and this with loving fidelity and extraordinary wisdom for so young a head the eldest son did even in school and college days.

In Armagh he had the advantage of being nearer to the old home where his mother and brothers and sisters were, an advantage not to be despised in the days of slow and imperfect communication. The journey to the General Assembly was in those days a solemn undertaking, and one who had been to England was a far-travelled man.

What widened considerably however the ho-

rizon in evangelical circles was the missionary literature, with maps of far-off lands, and accounts of strange races and foreign ways. It would be interesting to know how much England's colonies owe to the missionary literature and missionary efforts that awakened a curiosity in the minds of many young adventurers whose aims in travelling were not always the same as the missionaries who first gave the impulse to journey forth from the native place.

In another direction my father's energies were thrown at this time. Even in college he had belonged to a temperance circle, and now he flung his influence against one of the curses of Irish society, the excessive drinking of intoxicating spirits. Some of the best temperance tracts of that date are from his pen, and one or two had an enormous circulation. This movement was not popular. Many of the wealthiest Presbyterians made money in the traffic. There was no sentiment against the trade, and the conservative elements saw in the position taken a reflection upon the generation that had harmlessly indulged in the social glass. In spite of the offense he of necessity gave, my father continued steadily in season and out of season to urge temperance. A constant entry in his day-book is, "spoke at a

temperance meeting in the township A.," or "urged temperance at the church of . . .," and one time he notes the fact "exceeded the due limits of an address by speaking an hour and three-quarters on temperance." In after days he sometimes lamented the political temperance movement, and felt, as I understand Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler also feels, that the original temperance movement has been injured by the identification of it with political prohibition.

In the autumn of 1859 my father took part in a remarkable religious movement that was connected with the north of Ireland specially. The religious awakening excited attention, and after it had gone on for some little time abuses began to be manifest. Against these my father and others raised their voices, as was fitting, seeing that they had had much to do with the situation. Yet many things took place which greatly disturbed him. Never again could he hail with the same zeal movements connected with excitement, which he recognized distinctly as physical. Indeed, I think, he was perhaps almost unduly prejudiced by the experiences of that year against similar movements later on. He wrote a letter to the *Armagh Guardian*, which is especially interesting, because it so exactly reflects his feel-

ings all through his life. The letter was as follows:

*Armagh,
21st September, 1859.*

DEAR SIR,—In the present deeply interesting state of a portion of the people of Armagh, may I venture to suggest to reflecting persons a few things that require to be considered?

1. When tourists, clerical or otherwise, come to the place, will it be wise to exhibit to them persons believed to have been visited by the Spirit of God? In the nature of things this can only be done with those most likely to suffer, either by being tempted to self-complacency, or as has occurred elsewhere, to making a gain of godliness? Should not intelligent persons be satisfied with their observations at meetings, and with the information afforded them? Who would covet a gratification at the risk of doing mischief in such a case?

2. Should young persons be put forward to speak in public, because recently converted? what principle is in the apostolic words (1 Tim. 3:6) “not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride, he fall into, etc.”? Would it not be much better to give sound scriptural instruction to these deeply interesting young persons?

3. Should any attention be given to dreams, trances, etc., if they appear here? Should they not be treated as trifles to say the least of them, as compared with the real work of God’s Spirit?

4. Should young people be encouraged to protracted meetings especially where no minister is presiding? Or would it not be better to have meetings shorter and earlier, and if necessary to close business places earlier to give facility to attend? Will not employers gain by any really good influence on the employed?

5. Can much good be expected from mass meetings and excursion trains? Would not the temptation to mere ephemeral excitement be more likely to abound on such occasions than in the quiet enjoyment of the ordinary means of grace? Should

any individual be encouraged to collect professedly religious meetings, for the order and decorum of which no one is responsible, while the character of a religious movement may be imperilled thereby?

Reflecting people, by forming and expressing matured opinions on these and similar topics, may discourage and put down many things, over which Christians mourn as unhappily attaching themselves to a real and undoubted work of God. A deep interest in the Lord's work in Armagh induces me to submit the above questions to readers of your paper, to whose minds they may not otherwise have been carried.—Believe me, faithfully yours,

J. H.

With a growing family and a good many cares, with an ever-increasing weight of responsibility in ecclesiastical matters, and a great deal of hard drudging work, my father yet always looked back to the days spent in Armagh as among the most profitable and happiest of his ministry.

In the meantime the fame as a preacher of the young Armagh minister was spreading. In August, 1856, he had made a short trip to Scotland and preached for an acquaintance in Glasgow. He had hardly returned to Ireland before overtures were made to him looking towards his removal to Scotland. But in spite of the attractive nature of several such overtures then, as also later in his career, he felt that Scotland was well provided for, and that his duty lay elsewhere.

In spite of the heavy duties of the Armagh

pastorate outside interests were not neglected. Nearly every season a tour was made in the interests of the Deaf and Dumb Institution of Ulster. The Hibernian Bible Society had also a claim on his time, and he was frequently called upon to plead its claims elsewhere than in his own church. To the militia of Armagh he also acted as chaplain, and a list of the Protestants was carefully kept by him, and they were visited as regularly as his parishioners.

The prayers of the years 1855 to 1857 abound with references to England's sacrifices in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny. In those days it was my father's habit to write prayers which either opened or closed the sermon, and several longer prayers exist which he had written out in full. In these the soldiers fighting under distant skies were specially remembered, for the eldest stepson had gone as a young officer to learn the art of war. This step was taken just in time to see the closing scenes of the Indian Mutiny 1857-1858, and as a mother's heart followed the news of England's struggle, earnest prayers for the soldier's safety were mingled with the thanksgivings over tidings of success. Then as always Irish blood was flowing freely for the extension and preservation of the Empire, and the

North contributed her share to the armies sent abroad.

It was characteristic then as throughout the life of my father that he was not strongly biased politically. Naturally belonging to the liberal party, he yet took no active part in the political turmoil of those days, and this in spite of the fact that nearly all ministers of influence were then more or less inclined to political activity. Dr. Cooke had been as successful as a politician as he had been as a preacher, and many undertook to imitate his political methods without his judgment or his ability. Along this line my father never seems to have been tempted. Neither at this time nor later in life did he closely identify himself with any political party, and although great national interests, such as national education, temperance reform, industrial education called out his best energies, yet it was always distinctly as a non-partisan liberal.

Particularly did he see in the advance of Presbyterianism the highest good of Ireland. Almost anxiously does he canvass the situation in the correspondence of 1857 and 1858. The reason of this anxiety was not far to seek. The splendid religious impulse that had given the Irish Presbyterian Church some of her best leaders was in

danger apparently of giving way to a satisfied reaction. The older men were either passing away, or were no longer in touch with new wants constantly arising on the horizon. The conditions, also, in Ireland had materially changed. The loss of upwards of two millions of her population between 1846 and 1856 had made Ireland in many respects a different country. The North actually prospered under the changed conditions, for famine hardly touched her, and her shipping trade and cattle export were greatly improved. At the same time the changed conditions affected unfavorably—at least such was the judgment of many at the time—the higher interests. Particularly in Dublin did the leading men feel the difficulty of the situation. The correspondence between Dr. Hamilton Magee and his friends disclose some of the difficulties under which the religious work of the Church was done. At this time the leading Presbyterian Church in Dublin was called Scotts church, Mary's Abbey. Dr. William B. Kirkpatrick was the honored and scholarly minister. He however felt, together with others, that his strength was not equal to the holding of the congregation, and at the same time doing the work expected of the minister of such a church outside.

Dr. Kirkpatrick was a student rather than a man of affairs and under these circumstances he and the congregation began to look about for one who should become with him a fellow-minister in the work of the Church.

The choice fell at once upon the Armagh minister. Yet the grave question arose how any change could be made to seem right under the existing conditions. Financially such a charge in Dublin had no attractions, as the First Armagh was abundantly able and willing to provide faithfully for its minister, and a divided responsibility can never seem as hopeful as where one is in the definite leadership. The situation was such however that the call was extended, and great influence was brought to bear upon my father to cause him to go to Dublin for the sake of the Church at large. The leaders in Belfast also took this view of the case, and gave their help in persuading the Church at Armagh of the wisdom of the change.

It was in many ways a sore trial to the whole family. Armagh had become dear to both husband and wife as the birthplace of their children. The old manse was a real home ; no kinder people did they ever know than the Armagh friends of my parent's first ministry ; and in some ways

it was even a pecuniary sacrifice to accept the place. At the same time my father felt that the united judgments of so many demanded from him an affirmative decision, and with heavy heart he said at last, "Yes" to the invitation to go to Mary's Abbey. The birth of the youngest son in September, 1858, made the removal of the family only possible in October, but a few weeks before that definite leave was taken of the kind and prosperous congregation who felt sorely the loss of one they had come to tenderly love. The future relationships between the Church and the former pastor remained ever most tender, and it was always with warm enthusiasm that the congregation was spoken of in the family circle.

V. THE MINISTRY IN MARY'S ABBEY—
DUBLIN

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Father ! who hast in heaven Thy seat,
All hallow'd be Thy name so great !
Soon may Thy peaceful kingdom come !
Thy will on all the earth be done,
In cheerfulness and holy love
As angels serve in heaven above.
Bestow upon us what is good,
And grant each day our daily food.
As we forgive them who have sinned
May we ourselves forgiveness find.
Rough trials' paths let us not tread,
And from all evil shield our head.
For kingdom, power and praise to Thee
Belong to all eternity.

July, 1847.

J. H. (Signed) "Autos."

V

THE MINISTRY IN MARY'S ABBEY—DUBLIN

MARY'S ABBEY. IRISH EDUCATION. NATIONAL SCHOOLS. THE QUEEN'S COMMISSIONERSHIP. THE RUTLAND SQUARE CHURCH. VACATIONS. THE "EVANGELICAL WITNESS." DISESTABLISHMENT AND THE MODERATORSHIP. DELEGATE TO AMERICA.

THE call of the congregation of Mary's Abbey is dated the 28th of June, 1858, and the arrangement included a division of the preaching labors between Dr. Kirkpatrick and the new associate minister. The pastoral and other work was to be divided as best suited both ministers, and the division of labor aimed at giving both incumbents time for work outside the immediate church, Dr. Kirkpatrick being engaged in literary and particularly apologetic and polemic theology, while the younger strength was engaged in outside work with reference to the Church as a whole. No formal arrangement was made. The call was extended as the usual call to a minister from the congregation, no reference being even made to the relations to Dr. Kirkpatrick. In spite of the strenuous efforts of the two men, whose warm friendship lasted through the life-

time of Dr. Kirkpatrick, the arrangement had many disadvantages, and did not work well. With men less absorbed in the great interests involved, and in even slight degree thinking of themselves the plan would not have worked at all. Scholarly, thoughtful and refined as were the sermons of the older preacher, they lacked the popular clearness, and the warmth that made the younger man's ministrations acceptable to a much larger number. Dr. Kirkpatrick rejoiced in the success of the new voice, but it was not in his power to prevent unkind things being said by mischief-makers who would have gladly seen trouble between the two friends. The personal relations were however too sincere and too genuine to be thus disturbed. On Saturday nights they met together for prayer and study, and many times my father has spoken to me gratefully of the spiritual and intellectual stimulus gained in those meetings together. At the same time the experiment was one he never desired to try again.

Mary's Abbey filled up rapidly, and in spite of a location altogether unfavorable, and a building far from meeting the needs of the congregation, the prosperity was apparent and real. In Dublin the same restless energy and power of unceasing work was displayed that had marked the pastorate

in Armagh. As chaplain to Mountjoy Female Prison a great variety of human wants and woes had to be met and mastered. The weeks were few in which some article, tract or open letter did not appear. *The Children's Missionary Herald* was given up in 1860, but only to make possible the editing of the *Evangelical Witness*, a monthly religious paper started shortly after, and which my father continued to edit until he left Dublin. To the outside activities of the church he devoted now a great deal of time. The evangelization of the West lay on his heart; the institutions for the orphans and the deaf and blind needed sermons and addresses to which he devoted much labor going from place to place until his voice and tall figure crowned by deep black hair was familiar in every little town in the north and middle west of Ireland, and his name was now known to Protestants all over the country.

He was especially now sought as a temperance advocate. It was at that time neither usual nor popular for all clergymen to be pronouncedly on the side of temperance. Many a kindly warning did my father receive of the "injudicious" temperance agitation to which he was addicted. This was more especially the case because powerful Presbyterian interests were directly or in-

directly engaged in the traffic. To the great credit of those interests be it said that in no quarters were my father's outspoken statements of his convictions more generously received. Those whom timid counsellors feared he would offend, admired him for his courage and faithfulness, even where they were not convinced by his arguments or won by his persuasions, and became his lifelong friends.

Among the many open questions in Ireland remains still that of education. The difficulty is one of ideals. The Roman Catholic Church cannot be content with anything less than full control, and this means, in the experience of the Protestant elements a dangerous popular ignorance. At the same time the Protestants are themselves divided. The Episcopal Church has an educational ideal not shared by the Presbyterians. The questions at issue were even more sharply debated before the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland in 1869-1871.¹ It was as early as 1831 that as a result of the work of an educational inquiry a Board of National Education was established, with commissioners from various faiths.²

¹ The bill was passed by Mr. Gladstone, the 26th of July, and took effect on Jan. 1st, 1871.

² The first religious census in Ireland was taken in 1834, and according to it the population was divided as follows :

The Board was at once furiously attacked by the Orange and extreme Episcopalian (Church of Ireland) interests. This was a most happy providence, for this fact drew temporarily to the Board's aid the Roman Catholic sympathy. In accordance with directions from the government the education was to be wholly non-sectarian,

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|
| The Established Church . . . | 852,064 |
| Roman Catholics | 6,427,712 |
| Presbyterians | 642,356 |
| Other Protestant Dissenters . . . | 21,808 |
| | <hr/> 7,943,940 |

This census was probably grossly inaccurate. Dr. Killen impugns it in Reid's history of the Presbyterian Church as misrepresenting the proportions (cf. vol. III, page 499, Ed. 1853). But in the writer's opinion, it also grossly exaggerates the total population, and is untrustworthy as giving data for computation of the number in Ireland. In 1871 an accurate census was taken with the following results:

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------|
| Episcopalians | 683,295 |
| Presbyterians | 503,461 |
| Methodists | 41,815 |
| Independents | 4,485 |
| Baptists | 4,643 |
| Society of Friends | 3,834 |
| Roman Catholics | 4,141,933 |

Thus Protestantism had in 1871, 1,260,568 and Roman Catholicism about four times that number. Of course famine and emigration weakened both Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, but Roman Catholicism suffered far more than Protestantism.

the reading of the Scripture was not to be enforced on unwilling children, but in accordance with the wishes of parents, religious teachers of various faiths were to have opportunity given them for the instruction in religion as favored by the parents.

As up to this time Episcopal parish ministers had had a most offensive power of interference with schools, established and maintained by private means in large part, and wholly attended by those of another faith, the extreme party in the Church resented fiercely the establishment of the Commission. It was, in fact, the beginning of the end. Step by step the power of the Established Church was curtailed until at last disestablishment was an accomplished fact. One of the first commissioners appointed had been the scholarly and able minister of Mary's Abbey, Dublin, the Rev. Mr. Carlile. He was both popular and extremely orthodox, as that term was then used, yet he was very nearly subjected to churchly discipline for accepting the position. Only the fact of his very influential position, and that there were hopes—afterwards realized—that he would succeed in changing the plan of the Board of Education, saved his ecclesiastical life. For, alas, many Presbyterians were completely

blind to the great step in advance such national education really was. For them the cry "Godless" and "irreligious" education had far too much weight.

The attitude of Dr. H. Cooke—the "Cock of the North" was also a serious embarrassment. Dr. Cooke was a Conservative by birth, education and instinct. The existing state of things was for him *à priori* the right state of things. His policy had been to work with the Established Church, and he had been a good deal petted by the Tory and High Church elements. To him Trinity College, Dublin had given a degree, an almost revolutionary action in those days. He supported always the candidates set up by the Tory and landlord interests, so that Presbyterian and Liberal representation was at that time impossible. Dr. Cooke opposed disestablishment, and actually in 1868 the Presbyterian Church expressed modified disapproval of Mr. Gladstone's bill. He did not like the growing liberal party in the Presbyterian Church, and saw in National Board Schools a menace to the distinctively religious education which was his ideal. In 1839 there was, it is true, a compromise made between the Synod of the Presbyterian Church and the Government Board, but friction was not wholly

overcome. The difficulties of national education were then enormously increased when after 1848 the Roman Catholic Church reversed its policy and denounced in unmeasured terms the whole scheme.

In 1841 two Synods of the Presbyterian faith came together, and formed the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. From that time on Presbyterian Liberalism began to work itself free from the leadership of Tory Protestantism. Yet the change was a gradual one. This was in part in deference to Dr. Cooke. The struggle over national education was still going on in 1858 when my father went to Dublin. As has been remarked he was no politician, yet he was a Liberal, and a rather pronounced Liberal on the education question. The older men looked to the coming younger man with much of hope. The stalwart and evangelical orthodoxy of the new voice that was being heard over all Ireland greatly encouraged those who dreaded the deadness of a past era. Unfortunately however the older orthodoxy was lukewarm in the matter of national education and was inclined to join hands with Tory and Orange extremes in opposition. The experience in the west of Ireland had greatly interested my father in education. He saw in it

the one hope of the population. He did not underrate religious education, but he did not see how there could by any chance be "an Episcopalian spelling," and a "Presbyterian table of multiplication." He flung himself boldly on the side of national unsectarian education. Then when in 1860, in accordance with the express wish of the Presbyterian church for a third Presbyterian commissioner the place was offered to my father; he at once accepted, and became queen's commissioner of national education. The letter asking my father to join the board is as follows:

*Irish Office,
19 Nov. 1860.*

DEAR SIR :

When a deputation of the Presbyterian church did me the honor to call upon me on the subject of the addition, which it was proposed to make, to the board of education, one of the principal objects which they had in view was to obtain the addition of a third Presbyterian commissioner.

The Lord Lieutenant authorizes me to acquaint you, in his name as well as in my own, that the government are disposed to accede to their request and I beg to propose to you to join the board, and give to it the sanction of your name and your attention.

I remain, dear sir,
faithfully yours

REV. JOHN HALL.

EDWARD CALDWELL.

For this step some who never openly attacked him never really forgave him. Moreover his

vigorous defense of his position savored far too much of advanced radical views to suit those who were still in the armor put on for past conflicts. Particularly offensive to some was a "Very Short Catechism for Such as be of Weaker Capacity" which my father wrote at this time. It is as follows:

A VERY SHORT CATECHISM FOR

SUCH AS BE OF WEAKER CAPACITY.

A. Is it true that the Bible is shut out of the Irish National Schools?

B. No. It is in every school, where the managers wish it, and is read in many hundreds of them.

A. But that is before or after school hours when of course no child would be silly enough to come?

B. Well you may try the thing by experiment, and in the Belfast Model School, *e. g.*, or the Dublin Model School you can examine a class and compare the answering with that of any public Protestant school for the sons of the gentry, and you will find the Model School class the better taught of the two, which could hardly be the case if the children did not come.

A. Still it is not in school hours?

B. What do you call school hours ?

A. Well from 10 A. M. until 3 P. M. we commonly call school hours.

B. Just so. Then if you manage a school and fix the hours from ten to eleven for Scripture reading, would you say the Scriptures are not used in school hours ?

A. Certainly not. I should be setting apart *that portion of the school hours* for Scripture, as I should set apart the next hour for spelling, or writing.

B. Which is exactly the course pursued in the national schools. You have only to define beforehand the time you mean to employ in this way, and all the board requires is that there be adequate time for secular instruction.

A. But Mr. Whiteside and others tell us every year that the Bible is shut out during school hours. Is not that very odd ?

B. Very.

A. How do you account for it ?

B. Did I promise to account for it ? I do not attempt it.

A. But they must have some show of argument for this assertion ?

B. Suppose I order that geography shall be taught in my school from two till three only, would

it be fair or true to say it is not taught in school hours ?

A. Surely not.

B. Well suppose in most schools the parents did not wish mathematics to be learned by their children, would it be fair to say that the board excludes mathematics ?

A. No. It is the parents who effect the exclusion. They have only to ask for them I suppose, and the board will give every facility for their gratification.

B. Quite so. And just so with the Scriptures.

A. But it is very wrong of parents not to ask for the Scriptures.

B. Of course it is. What shall we do with them then ? Tell them they cannot have reading, writing and arithmetic, without taking the Bible too ?

A. No, not exactly that. It would be too like Spain which won't give men civil rights, or even sepulchral honors, unless he will take the Catholic religion.

B. Exactly, and we have got past that, at least since 1829. We shall never come to offer men gas, water, police-protection, civil employment, education scholastic or collegiate, on the inevitable condition of their accepting our religious



DR. JOHN HALL AT THE AGE OF THIRTY

books and teaching. In accordance with the genius of the free Protestantism of these kingdoms we have ceased to manufacture hypocrites and infidels in this fashion. Then what would you do ?

A. I would leave the people free to read the Bible.

B. A very unassailable truism that. What do you mean by "free" ? Do you mean you would put Bibles in every school, if the children liked to have them without reference to the parents' wishes ? Then you would say to the promoters of a school, Gentlemen we give you a grant of books and salary, on condition this shelf of Bibles is in a conspicuous place in the school for every child that likes. Would you do that ?

A. That is not exactly what I mean.

B. I should think not. Try the converse of it, and imagine the Roman Catholic Emperor of France giving aid to Protestant schools, only on condition that each school have a supply of Roman Catholic volumes. We should call that a mild form of intolerance, and should we not ? But pray explain yourself—what do you mean by "free" ?

A. Well I don't think a parent has a right to keep the scriptures from his child.

B. Another impregnable position. He has not *as regards God*. But he has as regards you and me. He has no right to be envious, or covetous, to neglect praise and prayers as regards God, but he has as regards you and me. Would you think of Kerry, where there is not a Protestant school within five miles and the little Protestant is secured the advantage of a good secular education and the priest or the teacher cannot interfere with his faith unless by his parents' consent?

A. Oh ! I admit there are difficulties, but the fact is Romanism is getting it all its own way ever since 1829.

B. Well now consider—what has most weakened Protestantism since that time? Has it been concession to Romanists by “Liberals” or approximation to Romanism by high-flying Protestants? Is Protestantism more or less alive and energetic now than 1829? And would it be stronger now, had it retained legal ascendancy? Is there any way in which you can so weaken the hands of an enemy, and strengthen your own, as by doing him in all things the justice you claim for yourself?

A. Yes, but should a parent have a right to keep his child from reading the Bible?

B. Well try the other side of the case. Your

little Dickey who has reached the mature age of nine and a half having the advantage of a devout Roman Catholic nurse gets fond of the worship she practices, thinks the pictures fine, the music beautiful and the priest imposing, and announces to you some fine morning his intention of commencing the study of Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints" and begs you to procure him the "Key of Heaven" and the "Path to Paradise." What would you do?

A. Of course I would insist on teaching him, or having him taught the truth, till he came to years of discretion.

B. Precisely; and for conceding exactly this to Roman Catholic parents, the board is annually abused and the abettors of it stigmatized by men who preach charity and counsel trustfulness as belonging to Protestantism. How could the government adopt any other principle in schools than British law follows in all other matters? Are the boys and girls to be constituted judges of their parents' capacity and right to rule? Fancy Dickey telling you at breakfast, "Papa, you are incapable of being my governor, according to Lord Eldon and Mr. Whiteside, for you have denied the faith!" The thing is too ridiculous.

A. But the government cannot—well at least

the government is not a safe guide on this solemn matter.

B. Indeed. You can trust the government to manage the national church, but not the national school. The government can decide whether your bishop shall be evangelical or otherwise, and in multitudes of cases whether the sermon you hear shall be good or bad, but you will not trust the government to decide on the schools of the country. Either you should acquiesce here or begin reform farther back.

A. I admit the difficulty. But it is very hard, is it not, that a Protestant clergyman must refrain from teaching the truth to his little parishioners at school, unless their parents wish it?

B. Try the rule the other way then. Is it not very hard that M. the curé cannot teach his little parishioners the Romist doctrine in France unless their parents wish it? Don't we applaud this as toleration in France?

* * * * *

The importance of this position taken by my father in determining his future career justifies the insertion here of a condensation of an article which was one of his last and clearest utterances on this subject. It was a defense of the system

of national education in Ireland and was headed,
 “What is ‘Godless’ Education?”

“‘Godless’ is not a complimentary adjective. Even the man whom it accurately describes does not wish it applied to him. A ‘godless’ ‘wife,’ a ‘godless’ ‘community,’ are undesirable associations. To fasten the term to man or thing is to raise a strong prejudice against that man or that thing. One may be, by common consent, a practical atheist and yet unwilling to appropriate this reproachful epithet.

“Rome has tried to fasten the epithet, ‘godless,’ on all education that she does not direct, and to raise a prejudice against it. A true and strong human instinct demands that education should take account of God, and revolts from any that ignores Him. It is clever, therefore, if it were only also honest, to stigmatize any education which the Church does not direct as godless.

* * * * *

“Now, let us see. Is this the ground of her complaint? The British Government set up a system of schools and colleges where the best available teachers should give all denominations *secular* learning in common; where, at separate hours and in separate places, the clergy or other religious teachers approved by the parents should

come and teach each his own co-religionists as much of his religion as they pleased. The Episcopalian can then have Bible and prayer-book, the Roman Catholic his catechism and prayer-books, or any religious books he will, and the Presbyterian his Bible and Shorter Catechism. The only two rules are that no one shall be denied secular education on religious grounds, and no one shall be forced to learn tenets opposed to his own religion. But each denomination may make its own youth as 'godly' as it can. This seems fair and unobjectionable all round. But this was the very system that had the term 'godless' applied to it, and which is still denounced and disliked by Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, though the laity have shown their estimate of its value to their children.

"On this plan, under a Board of equal numbers of Roman Catholic and Protestant noblemen and gentlemen, the British House of Commons is expending nearly \$2,000,000 a year in Ireland, but it is in continual practical war with the ecclesiastics, who clamor, under every variety of plea, for a separate allowance of money—to be laid out by themselves. That the high officers, the inspectors, the managers of the training schools, are appointed with due regard to denominational

representation, is nothing; that the books have everything offensive to any denomination excluded, is nothing; that history is excluded because history is hard to teach without touching religion, is nothing; that the Roman Catholic priest appoints the teacher, superintends him, and can dismiss him—all this is nothing;—the system is under condemnation, and the cry from ‘the Church’ is for a ‘separate grant.’

* * * * *

“We doubt if any government ever made a more honest effort to educate a nation than that which is conferring inestimable blessings on Ireland, and no one thing has excited deeper regret among all true and intelligent lovers of that land and its people—among whom the writer claims a place—than the persistent Papal opposition which has retarded, though it has not crushed, the educational advancement of the people.

“It is idle to allege that infidelity springs out of all education which ‘the Church’ does not direct. Romish countries have as many infidels as Protestant. As many people—proportionally—in Spain, France, and Italy, disregard God as offered by Roman Catholic teaching, as may be found in Protestant lands disregarding God as

Protestantism worships Him. This fact no one can deny. It was not Protestantism that inoculated France with infidelity.

“It is nothing to the point to parade the old argument that as the oldest colleges, like Oxford, were founded by Roman Catholics, therefore, the system must be favorable to learning. It was not for *popular* education they were erected, but for the education of the clergy and such as could afford to pay well for education. Nor can the Church claim much honor for originating these. The greatest friend of education, for many ages, was Charlemagne, who, by imperial enactment, ordained that bishops should erect schools near their churches and that monks should have them in their monasteries. How much external power is needed to stimulate Romish ecclesiastics in this direction, might be inferred from the fact that the more bishops and monks in any country, as a rule, the worse educated are the people. On the other hand, nowhere are the masses of Roman Catholic people so well educated as where they live among Protestants and under Protestant institutions.

“Roman Catholics themselves have an interest in this question. They have derived immense benefit from the common schools, and could not

gain anything—if all history is not a cheat—from their transfer, in any greater measure, to the Church. The whole community would be a loser, for it is for the public good that the people of different kindreds and tongues peopling this fair and broad land should coalesce and become one; and, if any denomination has reason to think its youth less instructed in religion than is fit, surely patriotic and candid men can find means to supplement the existing system. It is poor policy to pull down a good house for the sake of putting in an additional window."

This shows the pronouncedly liberal position taken in days when religious toleration had been too much the monopoly of Quakers and Unitarians. In fact the hearty support that the Unitarians had given to the national education plans of the government had formed one reason for the suspicion in some Presbyterian quarters. The Presbyterian Church in Ireland has long since begun to realize how important a step was taken at that time, and is also slowly awakening to the fact that larger views must be taken of Protestant opportunity, and Protestant inspirations.

The cry was raised that the Presbyterian Liberals were working hand in hand with the

“papists,” and that they were destructive radicals etc., etc. Against these charges my father wrote sharply and clearly, and did much to clear the air and define the issues at stake. Rational and prudent as seem his counsels now, in those days they excited the bitterest feelings on the part of some of his natural friends and allies, the theologically conservative. He was accused of “trimming,” “working with both parties,” and because he realized that a divided Protestantism meant permanent disability he was accused of seeking peace at the price of “convictions” as some dignified their poor little narrow prejudices.

At last my father came out with a definite attack on the Tory tactics. In a rather long article reviewing the situation, he asked unpleasant questions about the real meaning of Tory complaints against the national schools. The article was regarded as an attack upon the long time practice of acting as a tail to the Tory kite in the supposed interests of Protestantism, and more particularly as the article took definite issue with the Orange Lodge and denounced its petty criticisms of Protestantism’s enlarging horizon. He was then bitterly attacked, these political attacks did not weaken my father’s position as a preacher.

The "common people heard him gladly" and crowded congregations made Mary's Abbey altogether too small and too unimportant a building for the uses of the church. It was very earnestly desired to have Presbyterianism properly represented in Dublin. In fact the importance of this was felt on every hand. As long as Presbyterianism was a local issue concerning only Belfast it could not do its work or command the support needed in spreading the gospel. The congregation did not feel, however, strong enough to undertake the raising of a new building. Just at this time Mr. Alexander Findlater came forward and offered to put up the building, if the congregation would secure a suitable site. This was done by buying a corner on Rutland Square where the building now stands. The following letter explains the generous conditions of the gift made at a most opportune time in the history of Dublin Presbyterianism.

*Alexander Findlater & Co.,
30 Upper Sackville St.,
Dublin, 30 Jan'y, 1862.*

THE REV. JOHN HALL,

MY DEAR SIR:—I am glad that the ground for the new Presbyterian Church is secured, and as the congregation of Mary's Abbey have thus done their part of the work, I think it right to tell you that I am now prepared to perform mine. I had at first intended to have so far interfered in the proposed

building as to employ the architect and approve of the plans, and then to have left the matter in the hands of the congregation, but on consideration I have decided on refraining entirely from all personal interference in the work beyond the contributing the funds, and the only authority I ask to exercise is the nomination of a committee to whom I will delegate the entire control of the business, and at whose disposal I will place the funds as they may be required.

I believe that in my first communication with you, I expressed my readiness to give £6,000 to £7,000. To remove all uncertainty on that subject, I now beg to say, that I will give if required £8,000, and the only stipulation on which I will insist in return is that the ground and building shall be given up perfectly free of debt, so that the congregation shall be able to support their ministry liberally.

Although the proposed church is intended primarily for the congregation of Mary's Abbey, yet my idea has been, (in which I believe the Presbyterian public concur) that it should be adapted for meetings of the General Assembly, and should in all respects by its architectural appearance, its position and internal accommodations, be a building worthy of the Presbyterian Body in the Metropolis, and therefore I think that the committee for carrying out these views, should not be composed exclusively of members of Mary's Abbey congregation, although I am willing that they should form the majority.

I propose on the whole that the committee shall consist of five, namely, yourself as chairman (on which you will excuse me saying I must insist) Mr. Drury, Dr. Denham, Mr. Todd and Mr. Geo. Blood, and I will be happy to give you a room at 30 Sackville street as long as you may find it convenient to meet there.

My dear sir,

Yours very truly,

ALEX. FINDLATER.

The fact that Mr. Findlater was the leading wine and spirit merchant in Dublin caused some com-

ment, as he was one whom my father's temperance agitation it was feared might antagonize. And it is needless to remark that the temperance agitation continued unabated.

The new building was entered in 1864 with appropriate services, and a great burden of new pastoral care came upon the ministry. Dublin was growing in all directions although not very rapidly and the congregation came from great distances. It was my father's habit to start out, going from house to house, where parishioners lived until he had reached the outmost limit, when he would often take an outside car home, or reversing the process he would select some farthest point and work his way back to the city.

The first house was in No. 45 Eccles street, and afterward in No. 11 of the same street. From the rear windows of the last house the younger children many times watched the road along which the father might come, often bringing a few "sweeties," by which name candy was known in Ireland, for the comfort and delectation of the little ones.

Many times in later life the remembrance of a large and well-kept garden in Dublin was a pleasure to my father. The head gardener of the Vice-regal Lodge was an old friend and insisted

upon assuming the charge of this garden. Flowers, and fruits, a dove-cot and a greenhouse made it an ideal place for the children, who were encouraged to cultivate little plots of ground for themselves. Skilled gardeners came regularly and watched over the fruits and flowers; from them the children obtained plants and flower-shoots as well as directions as to how these should be cared.

Often in later years my father sighed for a sight of green from his study window. Once he wrote while on a visit to Ireland:

“Yes, this is my native land—these are my native fields. In New York, my eyes are often hungry for something higher than the top of a warehouse, or hotel, or church-spire, and something more simple and varied than brown stone cut into fantastic shapes. Here they are ‘satisfied with seeing.’ Oh! this delicious green—all green, yet not all the same green, for there is one green of the oats, and another of the grass, and another of the hedges, and another of the trees, and another of the flax, and over all ‘the lark sings loud and high.’ I now find one good thing has to Ireland come through our Fenian friends; and I cheerfully acknowledge it. The stir they made led to the ‘proclaiming’ of wide districts;

and this rendered the possession and carrying of fire-arms more difficult; and this led to the diminution of 'gunning,' or 'fowling,' as it is in the vernacular of Ulster; and this led to the increase of birds, the solemn crow, the chattering daw, the long-tailed magpie, with his piebald coat and pert manner, and the dear old plain-coated thrush, Burns' 'mavis,' and the equally mellow-voiced blackbird. And here in every hedge is the robin, not the great able-bodied robin of America, made on the scale of the country, but the true robin, no bigger than the sparrow—the very robin that covered up the babes in the wood with dry leaves, and then sung a funeral dirge over them. Of course no one but a brute would shoot him, in Ireland, where they know the true history of his red breast; how he pitied the world's Redeemer on the cross and tried in vain to pull away the thorns from his brow, and one of them pricked his own bosom and the blood came out, and the Redeemer marked the well-meant effort of the little bird, and through His benediction the blood stain became a glory on his breast forever."

But a little plot of garden such as almost every poorest householder in Dublin may cherish is in New York's wilderness of stone and brick such

a luxury as even multi-millionaires cannot often permit themselves.

The summer vacations were variously spent. One of the simple pleasures of my father's younger days was a walking trip in Wales. With light luggage, and living on the simple fare of the kindly Welsh people he walked all over the northern and southern parts of Wales, and retained to the end of his life a great admiration, and deep regard for the Welsh people. A little Erse which he had picked up in Connaught helped him to make his wants known where only the Welsh tongue was spoken. He also visited with my mother and a dear friend the principal continental cities, travelling in France and Italy as well as Switzerland. The vacations were short, but in successive trips he covered in this way a good deal of ground.

The Dublin ministry had many joys as well as the usual trials. The last addition to the family circle was a little girl born in Dublin, and a great delight to the parents in the midst of so many boys. Warm friends and tender life-attachments were here formed. Moreover the influence of the voice in the pulpit was greatly supplemented by the writings in the *Evangelical Witness*, already mentioned as founded by my

father in the years when most his hands seemed full with a new church building in prospect. It was a difficult undertaking. Every question in Ireland at that time was political. Moreover the divisions among the Presbyterians was pronounced. The aim of the *Evangelical Witness* was to write news of different political convictions on the basis of an honest evangelical Protestantism. My father was as we have seen himself a pronounced Liberal, but he was no politician either secular or ecclesiastical. To him the success of evangelical orthodoxy was the supreme end. He sought to interest men of all shades of political and ecclesiastical opinion. Hence he often gave offense to extremists on both sides. As Thomas Macnight, so long an editor of a foremost Liberal paper in Belfast has written of those days, "I repeat, therefore, that to be a Liberal in Ulster at that time (1866) was a very different thing from being a Liberal in Great Britain. It meant a great deal more; it meant often pecuniary loss, loss of municipal and Parliamentary honors, loss even of ordinary social courtesies from the great Ulster noblemen and their families, whose names at least were associated with the old ascendancy." But Liberalism was making steady headway among the

younger men. Dr. Cooke saw it and felt it as an almost personal grievance. In 1866 a movement was set on foot to mark the real union of the two wings by electing a Liberal to the moderatorship of the General Assembly. Already, however, disestablishment was in the air. Strenuous efforts were made to enlist the Presbyterian Church on the side of the establishment. In those days all Presbyterian ministers received the so called *Regium Donum* a small sum "given" as a solace to the "dissenting meeting-houses." On the basis of this gracious favor vast efforts were made to hold the Presbyterian Assembly true to the principle of a "God-fearing state." It would never do, therefore, to have a Liberal elected to the moderatorship. The editor of the *Evangelical Witness*, and the man who had at last given Dublin a worthy Presbyterian church, and made Presbyterianism known and respected as something more than the Ulster tail to the Orange kite, was the natural candidate. It was quite impossible to impeach the orthodoxy or spiritual experience of my father, but he had somehow to be gotten rid of in an honorable and yet effective way. This way was easily found. He was made a delegate to the Assemblies' meeting in the United States of America.

Dr. J. C. Johnston (Dublin) reports¹ a reply said to have been made at this time by my father. Some one said to him "I thought you were to have been moderator?" "My brethren have transported me," was the half-humorous rejoinder. So transported he was, adds Dr. Johnston, "and his political and other heresies troubled the Assembly no more."

It was under these circumstances that the first journey was undertaken to America in company with Dr. Denham Smith as delegates to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church North.

No thought at that time had entered my father's mind that he might be called to leave Dublin. Many interests bound him to the place. He felt deeply responsible for the success of the new church in Rutland Square. The future of the *Evangelical Witness* seemed to depend largely upon him. He was surrounded by able and sympathetic men, for not only was his old friend and college companion, Dr. Hamilton Magee in Dublin, but Dr. Fleming Stevenson was meeting with great and deserved success in a new church enterprise with which my father had had much to do. In fact on all sides he was engaged, as

¹ *The Irish Presbyterian*, November, 1898.

he thought, usefully. He had refused a splendid opening for usefulness in Glasgow. A committee had waited upon him from free St. George's Church in Edinburgh to urge him to consider that opening, but he not only refused, but at his suggestion the matter was kept confidential, and until the memoirs of one of the committeemen was published in which the offer was mentioned no public knowledge was had of the refusal. Even in Belfast many were hoping that he would sooner or later be called to take the real leadership in the Assembly.

The attempt to nominate him for the moderatorship revealed what was a complete surprise to him. He saw that the "pillars" did not want him. He was too active, too aggressive, too little of a man to handle, too hard to confer secretly with, nor was he given to schemes and arrangements. He was moreover a Liberal, believed in secular education and personal rights. He thought questions should be debated in open court, and that men should respect each other's differing views. To his dying day he loved and revered Dr. Cooke, and looked on him with almost an indiscriminating honor and affection. He saw no reason why the small men who came toddling after Dr. Cooke imitating their leader on

his weakest side, should quarrel with him because he could not share Dr. Cooke's political opinions, or be blinded by the Conservative chaff obsequious Tories flung in Dr. Cooke's eyes. He knew, moreover, that Dr. Cooke himself demanded no sacrifice of manhood from his younger brethren ; that although accustomed to be obeyed, and proud of his judgment and skill in debate, yet even so in the most acrid disputes of the old Arian controversy, Dr. Cooke had maintained the position that there should be no persecution "for personal opinion" and no legislation that would be retroactive ; and that only convinced judgment was worth anything to the Church.

It was with mingled feelings, therefore, as the correspondence shows, that the invitation to go as delegate to America was accepted, and other overtures coming just at that time of a most inviting character, opened up before him, as he started westward, the whole subject of his duty to Ireland, to himself and to the Church at large. At the same time the idea of going to America was wholly strange to him. There were not as many ties between the two countries then as now, and so far as the writer knows, the call extended to the Dublin preacher by the New York

congregation was one of the first calls of the kind, although the precedent was followed very often in after years. To the little household in Dublin the trip seemed an exceedingly formidable one. The far-off land lay then on a vastly more misty horizon than it does now, although even yet the American much more easily makes the journey to Europe, accustomed as the American is to longer distances in his own land, than does the European make the trip to America. Hence with some measure of excitement, natural under the circumstances, the duties of the delegation were undertaken.

VI. FIRST JOURNEY TO THE UNITED STATES

A PRAYER FOR ONE TRAVELLING

Gracious Father !

We desire to join together with all our hearts in committing to Thy care one who now leaves his dwelling. Go Thou, O heavenly Father, who art everywhere present, with him, to give safety and peace in all the ways of life, to bestow the peace that cometh from knowing and serving Christ, and to give at last an entrance with us, and with all the family that is named after Jesus, into Thy heavenly kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

—From *Family Prayers*, by J. HALL.

VI

FIRST JOURNEY TO THE UNITED STATES

CONTINENTAL TRAVELS. FIRST VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC. IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK. THE ASSEMBLIES. WESTERN EXPERIENCES. FAST TRAVELLING. WASHINGTON AND BALTIMORE. THE JOURNEY HOME.

IN the spring of 1867 my parents went with an old friend, with whom they often travelled, for a trip to Italy. They left Dublin on March 25th, for London, going at once to Paris, and thence next day to Lyons, Marseilles, Nice and thence by steamer to Genoa, and after a rather hurried visit to Naples and the surrounding country they proceeded to Rome to be there in time for the Lenten week, and the Easter celebration. The impressions made on my father by this visit to Rome he often recalled. He had many warm personal admirers among the Roman Catholics, and had worked with them in Ireland in many public enterprises, but he had a deeply-rooted sense of the danger of Roman Catholicism as a system. In Rome he saw what he considered the pure heathenism of both the ceremonial and the government. In those days Rome was still under the dominion of the Vatican.

The luggage was searched for forbidden books, among which the New Testament was counted as one, and on every hand was seen the administrative inefficiency of the Papal power in Rome. When in 1870 a change became inevitable in the mastery over Rome no one rejoiced more at the thought of a free Italy than did my father. The glory of the music, and the gorgeous nature of the spectacle in Rome was not enough to hide from him the miserable bondage, as he saw it, of the superstitions that overlaid the gospel. The crowds of dirty monks, the beggars, the filth of the side streets, the disorder during the processions, the eternal paying of small sums for services not really rendered, and the miserable way in which the art treasures and the priceless antiquities were kept seem to have been the impressions most deeply made upon the whole party. So bad was the drainage, and so defective the water supply, that each returning Easter season with its crowds brought fever as a regular and expected guest into the city. Nor did the party wholly escape, although prompt flight to Florence stopped the attack from reaching a serious point. The appointment to go to America compelled my father to hurry home, and leaving the two ladies in Paris he made his way back to Dublin. A pas-



DR. JOHN HALL AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-EIGHT

sage having been secured for him on the steamship *City of New York*, he was bound to sail on the 2d of May. This first voyage was so new an experience that a careful journal was kept. The contrast between the present day comfort makes some selections from it of interest.

“ 2d May, 1867. Left my most happy home at eight o'clock for Queen's Bridge Station. Had the carriage mostly to myself for reading purposes good, no one coming in to whom I cared to talk. Got a horse and cart (Cork cars too small) to take my luggage to the Queenstown Station. After a delay of an hour the steamer was signalled, and we saw her coming in. The passengers gathered, and we all set out in the tender for her—about half a mile away. The embarking of the steerage passengers was a scramble, in the end of which I got my luggage and possession of my cabin. I find I have a room all to myself. It is a very good one in the centre of the ship, although the steward says it takes in water in certain weather. I got settled about six o'clock, and going on deck found the night too thick to see much of the land. I waited for tea at half-past seven, but when it was served was not disposed for it; went to my berth and had an undisturbed night's sleep.

“ 3d May, Friday. Could have had some break-

fast but the steward forgot my order, and I did not feel enough appetite to make a row, for when I got up I felt squeamish, but was very well in bed. At four I rose and dressed and went on deck after dinner. It was raining, and after surveying the scene without poetry or enthusiasm of any kind I returned, undressed and went to bed. The strongest feeling of my rather torpid nature at this time was one of profound thankfulness that my darling children were happy at home, and my beloved wife enjoying herself in Paris. I was not however continuously sick, but was plainly thought to be so, for an opposite neighbor with whom I had exchanged scraps of personal history on Thursday evening (from Hollywood, County Down) came to me and offered some 'excellent oaten bread' which his wife had bought as a 'good thing to settle the stomach.' I felt the kindness, but as she herself was audibly ill in bed I did not feel proper confidence in the cure.

"Saturday morning, May 4th. . . . I ought to say that the ship's motion is easy, but to me disagreeable, though I can hardly tell why. We have our sails set and are going over smooth enough water at twelve miles an hour, so that we must be now about 540 miles from Cork on Saturday afternoon.

“Wednesday morning, May 8th. Soon after the above was written the weather became too rough to admit of doing anything with comfort except ‘looking upward’ and thinking of my treasures on earth. The high sea makes the sound of the engine and screw most disagreeable. Remorseless unrelenting, it keeps pounding away as it were at my very head, and accompanied as it is by the dashing of the water along the side of the ship and especially about the screw, it is not at all favorable to rest at night, especially in the crib, which it is an insult to my usual sleeping place to call ‘a bed.’ Sabbath continued rough with most disagreeable cross seas; no service of any kind could be had, and many were sick in their berths. Of the remainder many, I am sorry to say, were drunk at night. Each afternoon I went for a little on deck, but have not much appetite save for meat, and I feel as if I could consume a jar of pickles.

“On Monday the cross seas changed into a series of squalls, dead against us which reduced our speed to about six knots an hour, and made our plunging through it very uncomfortable. I spent the whole forepart of the day on deck, the forepart of the ship every now and then covered with a sheet of spray. . . . Had a good deal of

talk with some passengers, and especially with a highly educated German (I suspect a Jesuit priest) who speaks English well, and knows the older philosophy well, but he is feeble indeed as to the truth. He could not hold his ground five minutes with Hamilton Magee.

“On Tuesday things got still worse. A stiff northwesterly wind blowing us out of our course. Only a sailor could hold his footing. I sat a long time on the steps and watched the scene, the captain, who, of course, made little of it with me for a little while. Storms are painted fairly enough by the writers and painters. The great irregular moving masses of water, black, dark blue, cobalt and now and then, as the sun shone through the tops of the waves, light-blue and even green like malachite, may well enough look to the imaginations of steerage passengers on a lower deck ‘mountain high.’ In point of fact I think the valleys were about fifteen feet deep. The stormy petrels were skimming their sides, like swallows, no doubt seeking their food. The screams of great sea-birds were now and again heard, and their plunges into the waves were seen. They are often in the ‘troubled’ waters behind the ship. As night came on the sea grew worse, and with nothing but the ship

to blow against the motion became unpleasant. The wind went *hissing* through the shrouds (like the confidential whisper of the tempest) with a subdued force that we felt rather than heard, and it was withal very cold. I went to bed realizing I trust and feel the meaning of Psalm 46 (God is our refuge and our strength). The early part of the night continued rough, but towards morning it moderated, and the wind chopped about on our beam, so that we have some sails up and are going as fast as on the first days. . . . Among the suffering ladies I am sorry to report my oaten-cake friend, who has not realized the benefit of the specific. She has not left her cabin, but may be heard in it, where she is accompanied by two suffering children. As I write the ship rolls a good deal and makes writing very difficult. I have my pockets full of books, and beside me the features of my own little circle, and now that we are more than half way to New York, and we may hope the worser half, I need not feel cast down. In time perhaps I would get inured to life at sea but it would take long.

* * * * *

“Wednesday, four o’clock. This is the first endurable day for three or four. The day keeps

fine, and we make fair progress. I have done more to-day in reading, etc., than any one else likely on board. It is a lazy life. Got through several magazines which had lain by me on the continent. The ship will soon have been eight clear days from Liverpool, and if it had not been for adverse winds three more would likely have brought us in sight of America. Now it will likely take five more. . . . Last night I found some Irish Presbyterians on board, and to-day I was a good deal among the steerage people talking to them as well as I could. They are of all nations, and this is not easy. To-day the ship made 320 miles, and if all goes well we shall still reach New York on Monday. I have made the acquaintance of an Englishman, an engineer who has been through Turkey in Asia. His little Greek wife is with him, the daughter of a Greek captain of a Turkish warship. She cannot speak English and he cannot speak Greek, but both speak Turkish and so converse in that tongue. He gives a bad account of the Greeks as dishonest, mean and lying. He is not a man of culture, but in knocking about the world has learned many facts. . . . Our captain is the man who was out fifty-four days in the *City of Washington*, whose screw was lost. He put

his passengers aboard another ship and stuck by his own. . . . There are 760 steerage passengers! Swiss, Swedes, Dutch, English, Americans and Irish; and the crew also are much divided in nationality. . . . I spoke to a young woman (married) going to San Francisco, who told me her family lived in Dublin, and that her brother was or had been a Methodist, but now went to a 'people they call Presbyterians, and the minister was a Dr. Hall or Hawley, she didn't know which.' I took his address. Have been among the steerage folks again—not many English-speaking Protestants among them. But on the whole a sober lot. The worst case, I am sorry to say, of beastly drinking is among the cabin passengers—a Belfast man, who gives himself out to be a mill owner.

* * * * *

"Sabbath morning, May 12th. Good sleep, and up early as the captain has asked me to preach. Good congregation including two Jews and a Roman Catholic doctor, and a Roman Catholic priest, already mentioned from Germany. My text was 1 Peter 1: 19. Afterwards went below among the steerage passengers and never spent a happier time than the four hours with them; the Swedes, five hundred of them, all Lutheran,

singing their hymns to the tune 'I have a Father in the promised land.' I got hold of a good lad who spoke English and interpreted and I preached to them. Their tears flowed. They kissed my hands, and were most grateful. All are learning English. The evening was fine, the moon shining, and we getting on our way very well."

The rest of the journal is filled with little details of only relative interest now. My father was taken at once to the home of Mr. James Stuart, a distant relative, where as he remarks, "I am luxuriously lodged."

The object of sending a delegation to America from the church of Ireland was to establish again bonds of fellowship imperilled by the Civil war, and its divisions of sentiment. Dr. Denham was accompanied by his wife, but my father as the younger man, expected to travel too far and too fast to permit of the trip being a pleasure to a lady. He at one time thought of taking his eldest boy, but the same considerations prevented that plan also. He had only eight weeks in the country, and in that time he spoke day after day in nearly all the eastern and many of the western cities. The delegation was formally accredited to the Old and New School Assemblies, to the Synod of the Reformed church and to the Synod

of the Covenanters, and while in America a commission came to them to the Covenanter Synod in Canada. One of the vivid recorded impressions of New York was a thunder-storm which came soon after landing; "I slept well, notwithstanding a thunder-storm last night like which I never saw anything." The first duty was discharged in meeting the "Covenanters," as my father calls the body to which Mr. George H. Stuart at that time belonged, *i. e.*, the United Presbyterian Church, and which was meeting in New York. Mr. Stuart was a relative, and had a national reputation in religious circles on account of his zeal and energy in all good works, but in particular in connection with that of the Christian commission throughout the Civil war. No religious public meeting without Mr. Stuart as chairman was considered quite complete. He was afterwards disciplined by his body for singing hymns, which as he was totally tone-deaf seemed to many to be making a crime out of a calamity. He had long known and corresponded with my father, (see page 58) and had shown practical and wise interest in the Connaught mission. It was now a great and real pleasure to him to arrange plans for the appearances of the delegation. Mr. Stuart had an in-

satiable appetite for public meetings, and his mere presence insured that the meeting would be well arranged, full of snap and thoroughly well-known beforehand. He moreover knew well the American public, and was in touch with as many religious interests as any man of his generation. He at once began making plans for the exploiting of the Irish delegation. Mr. Stuart coming himself from Markethill in the north of Ireland felt a most particular desire to have the results of the mission as abundant as possible.

In a letter to the home circle, my father says in one place: "I need not now dwell upon impressions. Everything indicates wealth, and all that money can buy is on hand. Every one is most kind, and I am sure, sincerely glad to see us. We shall have hard work for the next month, if we overtake all the engagements made for us. New York is fine; in the end I live is like the west end of Glasgow; the business end has an unfinished rough and ready, republican kind of look, every house having a mind of its own."

After meeting with the Reformed Presbyterian church the start was made for Rochester where the New School Assembly was in session. The trip took the party up the Hudson, which made a most enduring impression upon the visi-

tors. "The river itself is far finer than the Rhine, or any river in Europe, although, of course, it lacks the historic feature, and the picturesque castles of the old world scenery," was the verdict of my father. As it happened two brothers of younger years had preceded my father to America, and as both were in Canada, and not far from the Falls of Niagara, he writes "I found at breakfast that I was within a day's journey and six dollars of Robert. The love of my brothers got the better of the love of the Falls and at ten o'clock I was off to the Canada side, crossed Lake Ontario by boat to Toronto, thence sixty-three miles by train. There I spent the Sabbath and preached in the Presbyterian and Wesleyan churches."

On Tuesday the delegation was received at Rochester by the New School Assembly, and "very cordially" is the comment of the correspondence. Thence they proceeded to Cincinnati, "rather slowly" my father thought, but "Dr. Denham does not like to go too fast." At Cincinnati the speech of my father made a profound impression. The enthusiasm aroused was very great, and from that time on calls came to him to speak at meetings all over the country at most impossible distances. Of this speech

Harper's Weekly said: "His eloquent speech on the occasion of his reception, which was one of the striking incidents of that Assembly, will never be forgotten by any who heard it." The response to the many calls for speeches began to try even the younger member of the delegation. He writes, "I am in good health, I am thankful to say, but it is very *fast* work, and the meals are so unlike my own in time, quality, etc., that I am not always comfortable." At the same time he says: "Our coming to the new school has already done good, and a deputation will be in Edinburgh and in Dublin. Please to send a letter on getting this to Dr. McCosh telling him that the new school deputation will be in Edinburgh, and that they are looking to him to care for them in Ireland."

In the correspondence of this period great comfort is taken in a small coin. "Tell Emily I have her half-penny as a memorial of her, and often look at it." The last day in Dublin, had in fact been given to the children. It is one of the writer's vivid memories of going in Phoenix Park for a last "long walk" with the father who was going to America. The children had heard of the expense of such a journey, and just before parting the little daughter, about six years of age,

slipped a half-penny into the father's hand. "It is all I have, but it may help towards the expense in America." It certainly did help to cheer the journey, as many allusions to it in the home letters abundantly prove.

In the hurry and rush of those eight busy weeks the family in Eccles Street was never forgotten. The leaves of the journal have a "bank-note" for Bolton's collection of stamps and bills; a "coin or two" is in the trunk for Robert's collection. Alas, the shops of New York are "entirely too expensive to permit of the purchase of many little things one would like to take home as keep-sakes," but "no doubt I will find something for the rest by and by." From Cincinnati the plans carried the party to Xenia, Ohio, and thence to Indianapolis, and every occasion for a speech or a public meeting was made the most of by Mr. Stuart who was now in full control. At Springfield the life and death of Lincoln is noted with tender words. In the struggle between the North and the South, my father had taken a definite stand in a speech made in Glasgow as the war was going on, on the side of the North. Even as a student he had interested himself, as we have seen, in the liberation movement. For Lincoln he always had a sincere admiration

mingled with regrets that he lacked, what my father thought he most needed, the comforts of an active militant Christian life.

The State of Illinois impressed the traveller immensely. He writes, "The next day we came by Dayton, to the capital of Missouri (St. Louis) about 260 miles, and right across the whole State of Illinois, one of the finest and richest countries I have ever seen. The land is so level that one sees ten miles, and so fertile that it needs no manure for twenty years and produces 100 bushels of corn to the acre!" In St. Louis, Springfield, Lafayette meetings were held at which my father preached, and then the party went on to Chicago. He writes, "I am not overworked, though I do not like the *living* here, and am better at home with you. But the profusion of things, fruits of the earth especially that are eaten is something wonderful. The state of religion is much like as with us. In Europe people do not enough carry religion into their business. Here I think they carry business into their religion a good deal."

Of Chicago the impression was of rush and hurry. "It is the Queen of the West, with 200,000 people, where thirty years ago there were only 600! We get crowded meetings, and are

wonderfully reported, as you will see, not in what we say, but how we say it." And again, "We are carried round Sabbath-schools to no end, and Dr. Denham and I get rid of a good deal of perspiration. Happily we have plenty of iced water." Crowded meetings in Pittsburg are mentioned, and thence the journey was to Philadelphia. Here again preaching, speaking, and visiting schools, institutions, and attending public dinners consumed the time, until at last my father insisted on a day or two of leisure to visit Baltimore and Washington, both of which cities seem at that time to have rather disappointed him, although he was deeply and profoundly moved by the graves at Arlington, "where rest 30,000 soldiers, sleeping their last bivouac."

Lecture engagements called him thence to Canada, and from there down through the New England States, speaking on the way at Amherst, and recalling Jonathan Edwards as he passed Northampton. On the 23d he was in New York again and found that arrangements had been made for him to preach in the morning for Dr. Adams (New School) and in the afternoon in the Fifth Avenue Church (Old School), and at Dr. Duvyea's in the evening. On the 24th he was in Princeton, speaking there and addressing

the Cliosophic Society, which had elected him a member. Here he met Dr. Hodge and others. From this on the time was filled with various appointments and visits to various people, including the run up to Canada, already mentioned, and then on the 13th of July passage was taken on the *City of London*, for the old home.

This trip to America made a great impression upon him of the vast possibilities for good or evil that lay involved in the tremendous power and wealth he saw was in the future. Mr. Stuart had set his heart on having him come to America, even before this visit, but the idea only very vaguely crossed his mind that he himself should ever come, but in one place he says, "I can hardly overcome the idea that at some future time some of the children will be on this continent, where things are done on so much larger a scale than with us."

Looking back upon his first visit to America, my father once recorded some of his early memories and impressions which in part are as follows:

"I landed from the *City of New York* steamer on Manhattan Island, not as an emigrant nor a mere tourist, but to discharge an honorable and pleasant duty as a delegate from the 'mother

Church,' in Ireland (for so we may truly call her), to the Presbyterian Churches in Synod and Assemblies in the United States. Expecting to be only a couple of months in the country, and then to return to pastoral duty in the capital of my native land, I meant, of course, to keep eyes and ears very wide open, and to carry away as much as possible of—not money, for my expenses were provided for by the body represented, nor glory, for I thought myself quite unfit for the task—but knowledge of the places, the people, and the institutions of which I had read and heard from childhood.

“A lovely summer day, the 13th May, 1867—was the day of landing; and, like most others, I looked with unbounded admiration upon the scenery opening up to the eye as one enters the Narrows and approaches the city. There is nothing just like it in Europe as a bit of scenery, and there is nothing at all like its magnificent, dignified ferry-boats, with their great beams in the air, not to speak of those models of confidence and impudence, the steam-tugs. I had had the advantage of a few days' seasickness in the solitude of a room, knew no one on board, and expected to see dear friends on the American shore; so when the tugs rushed past, and

screamed, 'Keep out of my way if you want to be safe,' it was natural to laugh in admiration.

There was a little disenchantment over the rather ragged piers in great contrast with the solid cut-stone docks of such places as Liverpool, and in the rather rough streets over which one was rolled, but it was not forgotten that the country was new, and some things needed to be 'fixed up.' There was an opportunity given to speak the very night of the first day on the American soil, and I am bound to say gratefully that the country has continued in this respect as it began with me.

"Oh! what a day that was that laid bare, in pleasant sunshine, the glories of the Hudson, right and left, as surveyed from the steamboat. There were books and papers for the way, but they had a holiday. I had been on the Rhine and among other tempting bits of European scenery in the previous spring. There were, of course, the castles, the chalets and the lingering traditions; but for grace, dignity and interest the Hudson is far ahead of them, and well prepared one for the Falls of Niagara the next day. 'Blood is thicker than water,' and the Falls were soon forsaken for a brother and a group of unknown cousins on the Canadian side. It was

good to see an old aunt, settled in Canada about the time I was born, and to hear her tell of children and children's children, and chuckle over the saying of the neighbors that 'if you threw up a stone anywhere, it would fall on one of them.' Duties really began at Rochester, where an Assembly met. I came in after midnight, and judge of my horror on finding the portmanteau that contained the speeches lost! And, to add to the terrors, the speech had to come off early next forenoon. No matter. There was an opportunity to see the noble form of Dr. Adams, and without being told, guess his commanding position. And the speeches got themselves off at Cincinnati, and Xenia, and Indianapolis, and Chicago, and each day brought its store of new ideas, and it did seem too bad to have only a few days in Philadelphia, and then a few more in New York, and then quit the continent probably forever!"

The voyage home was uneventful. At first calm, and yet very slow. The notes of the voyage declare, "This ship is about 390 feet long, 100 feet longer than the *City of New York*, more steady, but her machinery is defective, and she has had to stop three times to allow it to coal. The table is good. The first few days we had

fine weather, but our motion was slow, one day we only did 156 miles. I have been able to preach each Sabbath morning, and to very attentive audiences, some of whom wept. One rough sailor declared to me in a sort of 'aside' on deck, that 'he could listen to me talking to the day of Pentecost,' a well meant though ill-expressed compliment. I have read a good deal on board, including periodicals, the *Edinburgh Review*, *North British Review* and Charles Kingsley's 'Two Years Ago' and 'Yeast.'" The landing was at last effected, and Dublin was reached, where the little family was found in restored health. For while away the two younger children had been ill. At once was begun the ceaseless round of visits that marked the faithful ministry during its whole range.

VII. THE CALL TO AMERICA AND ITS ACCEPTANCE

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D. D.¹

Mother of nations vanquishing the earth ;
Old ocean queen ! to whom we owe our birth ;
Columbia, mingling with thy grief her tear,
Sends thee her greeting on this sad New-Year.

There have been strifes—in woe, they are forgot ;
And feuds—they are as though they had been not :
When father-land the mournful watch is keeping,
The scattered household needs must hear the weeping.

Thrice thirty years since we were seeking rest,
A callow bird, pushed from the parent nest ;
Now strong, and glad her eagle wing to fold,
Her memory of the deed—not she—grows old.

Grieve not, because ye sent us o'er the sea ;
God meant it well for truth and liberty.
He makes us great ; so let these clasping hands
Be ever clasped—for blessing to the lands.

New York, Dec. 15, 1871.

¹ Published in an issue of the *New York Ledger*, in which also some lines by Tennyson appeared.

BRITISH & IRISH MAGNETIC

(2)

IN CONNECTION WITH THE STEAMSHIP

Wm

Received the following message the

From *Wm Walker*

Address

By message from the Magnetic and Telegraph

(By at

Large meeting of
You cordial a
Call =

TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED:

TELEGRAMS AND CABLES

STATION.

at *Leinster*
John Hall Esq.
Seven Leas Street
Dublin

(the cable)

regation voted
unanimous

VII

THE CALL TO AMERICA AND ITS ACCEPTANCE

*HINTS OF A COMING CALL. AN ATLANTIC MESSAGE.
THE CALL TO AMERICA ACCEPTED. REMONSTRANCES.
REASONS FOR GOING. CORRESPONDENCE WITH AMERICA.
AN IRISH ESTIMATE OF SERVICE RENDERED.*

EVEN before the delegation had left America, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church Session had considered the wisdom of calling my father to the vacant pulpit, and had cautious approaches made to him. These overtures were not however taken seriously by him, and in his ignorance of local conditions he could give them no thought. He was therefore not a little surprised to learn from Mr. George H. Stuart that the matter was being definitely pushed, and that he would be compelled to consider some overture. The letter stating this was followed almost immediately by a cable from Mr. William Walker, as clerk of the session, saying, "Large meeting of congregation voted you cordial and unanimous call."

In those days cables were not as common as now. After twelve years of seemingly almost

fruitless struggle Mr. Cyrus Field had made in 1866 his last successful effort. Just before the starting of the *Great Eastern* with the cable on board, a number of clergymen had been invited to Valencia to inaugurate with appropriate religious services the undertaking. Among those invited had been my father; and it was with a feeling akin to awe that this cable message a few months later was viewed in the family circle. Among the household treasures was a piece of the cable, and a finely illustrated history of the undertaking. These were all again examined and admired in the light of this practical example of the efficiency of the Atlantic cable.

This message came on the 1st of August, 1867, and was at once taken into grave consideration. Many things had to be weighed on both sides. The aged mother in the north of Ireland was deeply moved at the mere prospect of having the great ocean part her in her declining days from the son on whom she now gladly and freely leaned. Her one comfort was that, "he would be preaching to many nations, and that though her hope he would have been a missionary was not fulfilled, that yet at least his voice would bring the gospel to distant parts."

Had all the love and affection been made man-

ifest that later years proved existed, the parting from Ireland would have been far harder, and the path of duty less plain. But my father felt, and to an inner circle guardedly said, that his sympathies were with a set of ideas and a policy plainly not favored by the General Assembly as a body. He was an outspoken Liberal; the policy of the Assembly was to work with the Tory party in the great issues at least. He was for disestablishment and thorough disestablishment at that; the Assembly was—as seen in its action of 1868—on the other side. He was on the side of secular and undenominational education; the Assembly was not heartily in favor of it, although assenting with constant, and often unjust criticisms of their representatives on the National Board of Education. My father had no objection to either organ or hymns, but these were the burning questions—hardly settled yet—on which a triumphant majority were glad year after year to assert their power to stop progress by destructive conservatism. Along many lines my father had been calling down the criticisms of the “pillars” and “safe” counsellors in the church by demands for reforms in Sabbath-school teaching, by his temperance activity and by pleas to carry on the evangelization of Ireland along the

lines laid down by Dr. Edgar. There was little or no opposition of an open kind to my father's restless activity along these and other lines; but there was a steady quiet suppressing of his energy. He longed for "more atmosphere," and said so confidentially to an inner circle. Yet he loved Ireland, and he loved Dublin. He clung with a tender and unceasing affection, not only to a little band of ministerial friends, but to numberless families all over the country. In Belfast, in Newry, in Cork as well as in Dublin his heart was bound by sweet and lasting bonds to Christian friends, whom he never forgot, and who never forgot or betrayed him.

Great as was the pressure put upon him to accept the call voices were at the same time lifted up by intimate friends both in Ireland and in America urging him to consider the step carefully. His oldest and dearest friend wrote:

MY DEAR HALL:

It is not my place, of course, to interfere in that most *serious* business of your going to New York. Serious it is, in almost every aspect of it. I know quite well you are not the man to act from impulse, and that you have deliberately weighed the matter in all its bearings. I am not certain whether you have irrevocably pledged yourself to go, nor do I wish you to tell me whether you have or not. But, if you have NOT, I beseech you to consider the position of responsibility and

influence that God has assigned you in the present crisis of our ecclesiastical and national history. You are, I am quite sure, satisfied that some of the gravest questions that have ever been discussed in our church in our time, are certain to come up very soon. *You are needed.* You know I am never given to flattery. But I only say what I think, and what I have very, very often said to others, that of all the men in our church, you are the man, I would say, we cannot spare. God is not tied to any individual instrument, it is true. But seeing He condescends to raise up, and to qualify instruments for His own work, we are not dishonoring nor disturbing Him when we recognize the qualifications for special service, He has Himself bestowed. . . . I write in confidence, I am not mentioning even to my wife that I am writing to you. It is as well not. I can speak more freely. There will be only one feeling in Dr. Kirkpatrick's family should you go—of deep and poignant sorrow. Those young people are all exceedingly attached to you. I know these are small matters, but I can at least do no harm to mention them.

The one thing that weighs upon my mind is, that you are more needed for, and I think, considering everything, more fitted for, working in the land of your birth (first and second) than in any country under heaven. If the Lord still opens up your way to remain among us, no one will be more gratified than your old college friend,

H. MAGEE.

*To J. Hall,
Aug. 17th, 1867.*

From an Irish friend then in America and familiar with conditions in New York and even in some degree with the conditions in the church he asked for "the gloomy side" of the call, and received a very sober and careful letter, of which some abstracts may be interesting.

August 9th, 1867.

“DEAR DR. HALL :—

* * * * *

“You will understand that my object is to lay before you such facts regarding this country and the church as, I think might influence your decision as to coming out here, and I will do it as fairly as I can, for I would not on my account desire you to come out and then be disappointed by finding anything different from what you had expected, and yet I cannot tell you how thankful I should feel personally if the Father should in His kind providence bring you here while we are still here.

“In the first place the church has not been in a very satisfactory state. Some did not treat Dr. Rice at all as they ought to have done, and the one who took the lead was — — whom you have met. Some particularly desired another candidate when Dr. Rice was elected, and they never, therefore, were favorably disposed to him. Besides, he came at the beginning of the war. He was a Kentuckian by birth, and his wife and most of his friends were southern people, and his not preaching political sermons was construed by his enemies into a sympathy for the south. But it was really only a few of the

extremists carried away by the excitement and passion of the moment, who turned against him. The great mass of the church did not want political preaching, nay, they were *very thankful* not to have it. They loved the noble old doctor most intensely, no one had any idea how intensely, until he was compelled to leave them. They would have done anything to have retained his connection with the church. But he would not remain while he could not work and he was completely broken down. Of his own free will he resigned, greatly to the sorrow of the great portion of the congregation. In your case however the church is perfectly unanimous, and you come without being mixed up with either political party. . . . I fear however should you come out you will miss very much the congenial circle of ministers which you must break from in leaving Dublin. You will find a prejudice against you in the minds of some of the smaller clergymen here. It is natural that they should feel slighted by a call being given to you a foreigner, which to some extent will be strengthened by the prejudice against Irishmen in particular; and there is a strong party, both in the Presbyterian church and out of it called the 'Native American' party, who would not scruple to use

the cry of foreign birth against you, if it suited their ends, and any cry of this kind is dangerous with a people like the Americans, who are naturally illogical and impulsive, and therefore dogmatic and apt to be carried away by their feelings so as to see the end aimed at only, and for means do, what, after calmer consideration they are sorry for.

“As to America itself (remember I am trying to bring up all the objections I can at present) you would be much pained by the toadyism to the moneyed aristocracy (by far the worst kind of an aristocracy) and by the purse-proudness of many (even among Christians) and by the general feeling of the omnipotence of the Almighty dollar.

“The education of your children would, I think, be another serious obstacle. I would be hooted at for hinting at such a thing, but my feeling is that here the education is very superficial; though I confess I do not intimately know it, but only the results. . . . Again the rates of living are so high that in Ireland I believe one could be more comfortable on £500 than on £1,000 here, and in many things the tastes, feelings and ideas of Americans so differ from ours, that I think you would never be so happy here as in

Ireland, and indeed I believe it would be a personal sacrifice your coming out here, which should only be made in consideration of the important place you are called to fill, believing that it is the Master's call, and that it is He who has opened such a wide field for you to labor in."

Not all the letter is quite in this strain, at the same time other and personal considerations are dwelt upon. My father had in no way committed himself in his letters to Mr. Stuart and at one point in his deliberations words from certain quarters urging him to stay would, probably have decided him for Ireland. Those words were not spoken. He felt that he could be spared, and that the call from over the water was the voice of Providence, and he said finally "yes."

The moment that word was spoken there was such a tremendous appeal made, and such a commotion in many circles that my father was fairly stunned. He had always with the utmost vigor upheld Presbyterianism against the claims, often he thought haughty and arrogant, of the Established Church. Courteously yet firmly and constantly he battled for what he considered a more thoroughgoing and scriptural Protestantism than the somewhat High Church Establishment.

What then was his pleasure and his astonishment to find some of the very warmest and strongest protests against his going coming from those whom he had already begun to put his armor on to fight. The Roman Catholics had good words for him, and letters came from far-off Connaught asking that he stay and fight out the battle of the spelling-book which he had so bravely carried on. The disestablishment party in the church saw their supposed feeble minority left without a leader; and now earnest words were spoken by even those whose opposition and silence had made my father feel that as a young man in a very leading position his place was one of great difficulty, even to the imperilling the peace of the church. He profoundly felt that after the struggles in which the church had been engaged, and in the face of the difficulties without, peace within was a first necessity. To secure that peace was one of the motives that led him to be willing to go. Now he had said "yes," and all protests were in vain. Friends of my father—I never heard him himself complain of it,—felt that the Rutland Square congregation had not dealt generously with him. He had made pecuniary sacrifices to come to them. When Mr. Findlater built the church he distinctly inti-

mated, in the letter already quoted, that he expected the congregation to support the ministry liberally. There had been no adequate recognition of the greatly increased labors flung on the shoulders of the younger man, by the larger congregation and the declining strength of Dr. Kirkpatrick. Now that he was going the mistake was seen, but it was too late. It only remained by great public meetings and addresses, as well as by memorial silver to show how strongly fastened were the ties that bound the pastor to the people he was so soon to leave.

To his friend Dr. Magee he wrote at once saying:

*11 Eccles Street, Dublin,
18th August, 1867.*

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Your kind letter certainly moved my feelings very much, though my judgment remains as I had formed it after a careful and serious survey of all the circumstances which a minister should take into view in determining his duty in a case of this kind. Everything that formed a reason for my coming to Dublin has its stronger counterpart in reference to New York. If the Church is apparently dependent on such men as I am, remaining, it may be the best discipline for her in the present temper of the majority of her members to have a few such removed. I am sensible of the strength of the case made by the Rutland Square people, but then any circumstance of ease, comfort, society or business would withdraw any family among them from us. Many whom I know most as friends are providentially removed or removing and I should have only to do in detail, what is now to be done with much pain to myself at once. I always valued—much more than I can say—the

sympathy and affection of a few college friends among whom you stand in a foremost place, but I often felt as if the prominence of the place I was, without any fault of mine, put in, and the multiplicity of duties to be done, deprived me of the enjoyment of as much of this blessing as I might otherwise have had. I am glad of the good-feeling of the young people, to which you kindly allude, but I do not think it would be at all just to Dr. Kirkpatrick and myself to alter the opinion I had formed, and in some measure indicated, on account of the new proposals.¹ He and perhaps some others—of whom I know you were *not* one—blamed me for setting him aside (or sanctioning that course) partially—how much more if I were a *party to doing it altogether?* Nor, in other points of view, would the proposed arrangement long continue consistently with our self-respect, independence of feeling, and general comfort. But my reason for going, though founded on a conjoint view of all the circumstances, rest more on the facts in connexion with New York, and if spared to live and labor there, I shall always retain the friendships of other and less care-laden times, and always be to you as I am sure you will be to me a sympathizing, cordially appreciating, college and Christian friend,

J. HALL.

Meantime letters in abundance pressing the claims of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church came to hand, and the news of the hearty character of the call gave an additional reason for prompt acceptance. The session of the Church had issued a circular to the members who were scattered for the vacation, as follows:

¹ Dr. Kirkpatrick had intimated generously to the congregation that he was ready to step aside to enable them to retain his fellow-minister.

NEW YORK, *July 18, 1867.*

DEAR SIR :

The Session of the Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue, corner of Nineteenth Street, respectfully calls your attention to the communication which follows :

Those members of the congregation who have had the opportunity of hearing the REV. DR. HALL, of Dublin, preach, have, we believe, without exception, expressed a desire that he should be called to our Church. In the scattered condition of our congregation, usual at this season of the year, we do not feel justified in calling a meeting to consider the subject without giving an opportunity to all members of the congregation to be present, and to express their views.

We, therefore, take this method of informing you that a meeting of the congregation will be held on WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 31st, at the Lecture Room of the Church, at half-past seven o' clock.

At that meeting it is our intention to nominate Rev. John Hall, D. D., as Pastor of our Church, and to recommend him most cordially.

We are happy to say that we have encouragement to believe that he will accept a call from us, if he can obtain the consent of his people.

The circumstances of the case, are, in our judgment, such as to make EARLY ACTION necessary.

If, from any cause, you should be unable to attend the meeting, you will very much oblige us by addressing a note to William Walker, No. 69 Liberty Street, or either of the undersigned, stating your approval or disapproval of the proposed call.

We are,

Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM WALKER,
THOMAS U. SMITH,
JAMES M. HALSTED,
DAVID HOADLEY,
HENRY G. DE FOREST,
HENRY DAY.

The official letter giving notice of the formal call and enclosing the papers was delayed, but the clerk of the session, and the lifelong friend of my father, Mr. William Walker, sent at once a letter stating the full result. The letter read:

NEW YORK, *Aug. 1, 1867.*

MY DEAR SIR :

I have but little time before the sailing of the steamer to state that we had an unexpectedly large meeting of our congregation last evening, and with entire unanimity a call was made out for you. I received in addition about forty letters (representing probably seventy-five persons,) from those who could not be present at the meeting expressing their cordial approval of the proposed call.

The moderator was pleased to say that he had never been present at a congregational meeting so perfectly harmonious in their views.

The salary proposed is \$6,000 *in gold* and the free occupation of a suitable dwelling-house. In addition the trustees were instructed to pay the expense of bringing your family here.

I telegraphed you this day informing you of the call.

The necessary papers will be forwarded as soon as they can be prepared.

With the earnest prayer that your decision may be such that God may be glorified and His cause promoted, I am very truly

Your brother in Christ,

WM. WALKER.

To this letter my father replied as below:

DUBLIN, *20th August, 1867.*

MY DEAR SIR :

I have received your kind communication and several others on the same subject. I have weighed with much concern

all the circumstances of which I think a minister should take account in forming his judgment, and I see no reason to alter the opinion of which you and other friends have had indications already, that I should accept the invitation of your Church and remove to New York. The fact that I did not take any step towards a settlement in America, that I never contemplated it, the great and commanding importance of the field, the unanimity of the members, and the urgent counsel of leading ministers of the American Church are among the principal reasons that have led me—through a most painful struggle with feelings of personal and local attachment—to this conclusion.

I have intimated my opinion to the congregation of Rutland Square through the Session, and upon their taking certain steps and begging my reconsideration of the case, I have again reported my unaltered opinion to them. I shall be guided by their convenience (as my colleague is just now in Amsterdam at the Evangelical Alliance Conference), as to the time of asking the leave of the presbytery to resign; but this, and I trust all other necessary steps can be taken so as to admit of my removal to New York with my family during the month of October. The probable time of the equinoctial gales, the time of a suitable steamer's sailing and other circumstances must determine the exact *time* of the month, and of this you shall have the earliest intimation possible in course of post.

The cordial and harmonious action of the people is I trust an indication that this thing is of the Lord, and I hope they will not fail to beseech Him to crown the arrangement with His own blessing. I am deeply sensible of the importance of the work to which I go, and I shall enter upon it in dependence on Divine aid, and in expectation of that confidence and co-operation of Session and congregation of which it has been my happiness to enjoy so much hitherto. Believe me to be, dear Mr. Walker,

Yours most faithfully in the truth,

JOHN HALL.

WM. WALKER. ESQUIRE.

The parting from Dublin was made very serious by the expressions on every hand of the loss the Church at large and the city sustained. Many interests had to be cared for. The *Evangelical Witness* passed into other hands, and became a weekly paper of great power, and is still the leading organ of the Presbyterian church as the *Belfast Witness*. The national education cause interested my father to the end of his life, and he saw the complete triumph of his views before many years had passed. The Episcopal church was disestablished, and, as he had predicted, prospered as never before on that very account. National education won its way and compelled the adhesion of even the extreme Roman Catholic party. The Presbyterians flung off the leading strings of the Tory party and became intelligently and independently liberal, securing their own representation in the House of Commons, and ceasing from that day on to be the mere "tail to the Tory kite."

It would be, at this date, impossible to reproduce and tiresome to attempt it, the many printed estimates and criticisms of the eighteen years of public service in Ireland. Yet one estimate in the *Evangelical Witness* after it had passed from under his control is worth repro-

duction, as it is from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Croskerry of Londonderry, who at that time wielded large influence and whose services in connection with the *Evangelical Witness* are still fresh in the minds of Irish readers. The article condensed somewhat was as follows:

THE REV. DR. HALL.

“Our gifted predecessor, after a brief but distinguished ministry of eighteen years, has left his native country to spend the remainder of his days in the service of American Presbyterianism. His departure is a subject of universal and unfeigned regret. It is, however, a subject of just pride and congratulation that he will nobly represent, in another land, the power and versatility of that Scotch-Irish race which the historian, Bancroft, has glorified in connection with the civil and ecclesiastical history of America. It is almost unnecessary to say to Irish Presbyterians what Dr. Hall was to the church of his fathers. The pulpit was the throne of his power. He was no talker of drawling platitudes or explanatory futilities, with affected rhetoric or artificial turns of phrase, or mental inanity, whose sermons act upon part of a congregation like chloroform, while they drive another portion into

thinking of nothing, a third into wondering when the preacher will be done, a fourth into ill-natured criticism, and a fifth out of church altogether. He was something more than a mere pounder of texts in a doctrinal mortar; something more than a dry, didactic talker after modes beaten flat by the incessant hammering of centuries. In fact, Dr. Hall was one of the freshest preachers of the age. He preached, too, as he talked, with a fine conversational freedom and naturalness, and was so singularly lucid and happy in expression that he was, to our mind, the Goldsmith and Franklin, in one, of the Irish pulpit. His sermons—some of them, if rumor is to be credited, like Jonah's gourd, the offspring of a single night—are powerful from their heavenly unction, their beseeching tenderness, their popular scope, and, above all, their wide range of analogical illustration. He was, indeed, singularly skillful in analogies, in the structure of those 'aërial pontoons' which bridge across the literal and the figurative. It is, perhaps, the highest praise of Dr. Hall's sermons and speeches that they do not read well, for it is a well-known fact that the newspaper speech which is polished and rounded, and Ciceronian in its periods, is anything but popular or pleasing to an audience.

We must say, however, that the speeches of our gifted friend were such fresh and familiar transcripts of good sense and feeling, with a certain rich zest and flavor and power about them, that the reader could always associate the image of the speaker with every paragraph, and his ear seemed to catch and recognize the very tones of living address. His speeches were always short. Let it be said to his credit that he always exhibited, in debate, a high-bred Christian courtesy, and that he abstained from all those weapons of fierce and sarcastic recrimination which do so much to lower the moral status as well as lessen the influence of the ministry.

“We cannot well estimate the amount of his various labors for our denominational benefit, whether as a preacher, as a journalist, or as a director of education. For six years, in the midst of endless concerns of public and private urgency, in the metropolis of the country, where he was surrounded by all the social temptations of the popular preacher, he sustained the *Evangelical Witness*, without a farthing of help from public or private funds, and did vast service to the Presbyterian cause by defending and explaining Presbyterianism, by correcting the errors and chastising the heresies of the times, by rebuking

the exclusiveness and intolerance of Churchmen, and, above all, by cherishing the literary spirit in our ministers. For nine years, he was occupied in raising Dublin Presbyterianism to that proud and commanding position it held in the days when Joseph Boyse preached to a thousand hearers in Wood Street, including the Damers, and Langfords, and Loftuses, of high descent; and for eighteen years he has been conspicuous, in the ranks of his brethren, not merely for great eloquence and great force of character, but as a man of unblemished integrity, of tried courage, of large benevolence, of unaffected piety—a man whose views were always tolerant and liberal, his convictions deep and hearty, with few antipathies and many sympathies, yet his career, in all its stages, marked by decision. We can think of his life proudly and thankfully, as of the course of a river filling its channel from bank to bank, moving onwards by the force of its own ample stream, and, with effortless ministry, watering the fields and the flowers on either side.”

VIII. THE MINISTRY IN NINETEENTH
STREET CHURCH

A PRAYER

I come to Thee, O gracious Lord,
As taught in Thy most holy word
In Christ Thy Son, I do believe,
And for His sake the world I leave.

Teach me in faith and hope to live,
And to this end Thy spirit give,
That I may run the appointed race,
Sustain me by Thy heavenly grace.

Guide me through life, supply my needs,
Keep me from all unrighteous deeds,
And when death comes oh! let it be
That I may live, O Lord, with Thee.

—JOHN HALL.

VIII

THE MINISTRY IN NINETEENTH STREET CHURCH

ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK. THE NEW YORK HOME. THE FIFTH AVENUE CHURCH'S HISTORY. THE REUNION. IDEALS OF EDUCATION. IDEALS IN PREACHING. IMMEDIATE SUCCESS. METHODS. PASTORAL WORK.

IT was a beautiful warm autumn day when after a long, but on the whole pleasant trip, the extra Cunard Steamship *Aleppo* brought my father and his family to the dock at New York. A long-trusted and loved housekeeper and two servants accompanied the party. The four little boys all arrayed in Scotch caps and the belts and blouses worn in those days by school children in Ireland, but unknown in America, are said to have attracted an attention of which the wearers were happily unconscious. Nothing could have exceeded the kindness and thoughtfulness of those who had made provision for the comfort of the future minister. The dwelling-house was in every way suitable, and was most fitly furnished. In a letter of that year (9th of December, 1867), the impressions made are described in a letter to Dr. Hamilton Magee :

MY DEAR FRIEND :

As I write in the dining-room, the living-room of our house, for here the drawing-room is called "parlor," you and the other brethren look down on me from over the clock, and recall all the days and evenings of labor and enjoyment in Dublin. The Lord's goodness has been signal and conspicuous. I feel as much at home as if the weeks had been months, to say the least of it. Our communion—held yesterday—was exceedingly pleasant, very like Rutland Square, only that the afternoon time is given to it. We received about thirty new communicants, nearly twenty of them on profession of faith which, in some instances is made at an age we should count childhood at home. I have begun with *ordinary* sermons that I might not pitch the standard of expectation higher than I could honestly keep up—have eschewed all attempts at sensationalism, and told the people that our reliance must be upon the steady, patient teaching of divine truth. So far the Church displays all the signs of interest. The building is comfortable; the elders, I think right-minded men, and I suppose I have heard as many as twenty or thirty laymen offer up prayer in public very appropriately. There is a fine field here for work, and a readiness I think to value an evangelical ministry. I hope to begin a down-town mission service on Friday evenings—we live "up-town." This I find surprises the folk, the approved way hitherto being for the up-town people to pay students, etc., to do this work. Mission-schools are the hobby of our congregation, and they are good, but skilled labor is a little wanted. I hope to begin my Bible-class for ladies by the opening of the year. Preparation is no more difficult here than at home, and I have written several sermons—strange as it may seem—since I came !

Now I want you to tell the dear brethren of the ministers' meeting—that I am trying to be what they would have me (be) as their representative in New York. . . .

Ever, my dear Hamilton,

Your affectionate friend,

J. HALL.

NINETEENTH STREET CHURCH 195

The Church itself had had a most honorable history which perhaps had up to that time reached its climax in the long and most successful ministry of Dr. James Alexander, the immediate predecessor of Dr. Rice, whose failing health, and, perhaps, supposed southern sympathies, had prevented his undoubted worth and ability being fully recognized. The war had closed, and many southern people found themselves attracted by the theology of the Old School to which wing the Church naturally had belonged, and by the fact that Dr. Rice did not say anything that was likely to wound their feelings. There were however also intensely northern partisans. It was the good fortune of the Church to secure as a minister one who could unite both wings. The congregation had worshipped in several buildings. The old Cedar Street Church having been built in 1808. Then the Church moved to Duane Street, which building was erected in 1835. In 1852 a new building on Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street was entered, and in this building my father began his New York ministry. The Church still is used having been moved stone by stone to Fifty-seventh Street near Eighth Avenue, where with some changes it stands as in the former days. The traditions of the Church carried it

over to the Old School, but in the congregation were New School men, attracted by the eloquence and the learning of Dr. Alexander. Here again it was my father's good fortune to be identified in no way with the old dispute. Naturally attracted to the older theology, he found much that was sympathetic in the warmer evangelical spirit of the New School thought. Of Albert Barnes he once wrote : ¹

“And then came the end of Albert Barnes' labors. It was like the life that preceded it, life and death of a piece. Meek, laborious, systematic, gentle, he sat in the chair of a departed friend to give comfort to the survivors, when the Lord's messenger touched him, and said, ‘Arise, and follow me;’ and he arose and entered through the gates into the city, wondering, we may well believe, whether it was a vision, or whether that was true which was done by the angel. But it was soon all real ; all happy ; all homelike ; ‘absent from the body, and at home with the Lord.’”

For Dr. William Adams' affection and admiration mingled from their first meeting at the New School Assembly in Rochester in 1867 to the close of Dr. Adams' life. The stately dignity of the

¹ *The American Messenger*, March, 1871.

man, together with the gentle pervasive courtesy in tone and manner that so distinguished the great New School leader, appealed with special power to my father. Quite frequently, particularly in his earlier experience in America he was offended by the "slap-dash, slap-on-the-back" (as he called it) type of minister, who mistakes rude familiarity for ease, and substitutes brusqueness for straightforwardness. He had been naturally thrown as a delegate from Ireland into connection with both Assemblies, and the attachments thus formed he used to good effect in the following years of rapid approach on the part of the two Assemblies.

Already in 1867 men were talking about a possible reunion of the Church. It was impossible for one coming so recently to the country to take with good grace any leading part in such a movement. Yet it was with earnest and hopeful solicitude that he watched each step towards such a consummation, and no one rejoiced more sincerely in the ultimate result than did the newcomer to American shores. The union was completed in 1869 when at Pittsburg the two Assemblies came together, and on the plan of mutual forbearance and reasonable liberty the Church became one. In accordance with his in-

instincts my father turned at once to the United Church for a better support for educational institutions, and particularly for a larger and deeper conception of the culture and learning needed in the ministry. In an appeal to the United Church, headed, "What Next?" he urged the chief advantages of the reunion. He asked in the columns of the *Evangelist*,

"And for what are we one? To overshadow or absorb other churches? No. That were a poor and unchristian ambition. Let our Methodist brethren cry aloud 'ye must be born again,' and sanctify social sympathies; let our Congregational friends assert all human liberties under divine lordship—the very freaks of their freedom are better than the decay and decency of despotism; let our Baptist brethren make the wilderness a pool of water; let our evangelical Episcopalians—we have nothing to say for the other sort—make prayer common everywhere. They are all needed by the country, needed with us, perhaps, to present the full-orbed truth. Let them all render their parts in the anthem of American praise to Jehovah. When they all sing their loudest, many places are still silent; and in many their voice is not heard. Be our aim to swell the cry—not to silence other voices. We

have a share in their graces and successes, and they in ours, by that prerogative of saints, 'all things are yours'; and if we turn our union to true and spiritual account, they ought all to be the better for it.

"One thing seems by common consent agreed upon, that the colleges and seminaries of the Church must be placed upon a better foundation. We are now employing the first men in the country, on incomes shamefully inadequate. It is vain to expect that talent and culture can be long retained in our service under the pressure of cares that belittle and vex; and that vex specially the best order of minds—minds that do not give a thought to the privations of poverty, but are chafed by its meanness, by enforced small savings and compulsory checks upon every generous aspiration.

"The ministry of the Word has similar just ground of complaint. But nine out of ten ministers will not teach their people duty on this matter. How many ministers of the Presbyterian Church have fairly expounded to their people 1 Cor. 9? The press must speak out on this subject, and laymen must take it in hand. The better-supported ministers, too, who can speak on this point without the suspicion or appearance

of pleading their own cause, must come to the help, not of their brethren, but of the church they serve. It is worth considering whether effort judiciously and successfully laid out here, would not set the ministry free of ill conditions that now repel some who could educate themselves, and so swell the incomes of our educational institutions, and promote other desirable objects. Promptly and frankly invited to the columns of *The Evangelist*, in the spirit of the union, it would be a great joy and honor to the present writer if he could make any contribution to the Church's efficiency in these directions."

In another place he ventured to criticise the methods by which students were helped into the ministry; methods which he could not but feel undermined their self-respect, and jeopardized their standing in the community. Dr. Hodge took him very sharply to task for his opinions on this subject, but they remained his opinions to the end.

Very early in his ministry good ladies asked him to read a notice from the pulpit asking for cast-off clothing for the theological students at Princeton. He refused to do it, and explained his reasons. To him it seemed unworthy of the manhood and womanhood of the church to treat

those who were to be leaders and teachers as objects of a careless charity of this kind. He had no objection to the church training her ministry, but her methods he thought altogether wrong, and traced to those methods much of the restlessness and inefficiency among the ministers and churches. It was a habit of his to watch the news column of the weekly religious press, and when he saw that the "Rev. Mr. A. of Boomtown had had a most remarkable ministry full of success, and had just added thirty souls to the communion roll," he said he expected soon either a note asking his aid in a change for Mr. A. or a paragraph stating that the Rev. Mr. A. contemplated a period of rest after his labors.

One of the things which he mourned and bewailed in common with Dr. Adams was the crowd of relatively irresponsible book agents, insurance solicitors, and unattached ministers who filled up the presbyteries, and destroyed often the fraternal confidence which alone makes the presbytery an efficient body. It remained also his opinion to the end that Professors of Theology should be admitted as active elders to the churches, and that only so should they have full recognition in the counsels of the church. The flitting of ministers he attributed to the fault

of both churches and pastors. Many ministers, he said, reminded him of the little sparrows on the roof which keep their wings twitching all the time ready at any time to fly on the slightest impulse.

My father thought very highly of American speaking. He was wont to contrast English speaking with the American type of easy natural address, such as is so often heard on the platform or at the dinner-table. He did not think so highly of American preaching, highly as he estimated the best preachers. Very gently he sought to intimate as much in his early ministry. After the reunion he wrote an article that was much quoted on "What the reunion could not do." The italics in the selection from it are his own. In it among other things he said:

"There are many desirable objects which the United Church cannot effect by any direct agency. She cannot, for example, make all her ministers good preachers. If a man is inclined to air his vocabulary or indulge in metaphysical speculation, in his sermons, he will not be immediately altered by being in the United Church. Or if he cultivate 'simplicity' until it becomes childishness, or mistake foolish preaching for 'the foolishness of preaching,' the union will not instantly

change him. This is a matter outside the power of the General Assemblies. Presbyteries indeed can use greater care in admitting to the place of preachers those who are destitute of the power to preach; but as regards those of us who are licensed, our preaching must depend on our congregations first, and secondly on ourselves. If our people weary and harass us with a multiplicity of small matters they could better manage themselves; if they demand that we swell the pomp of every social gathering, sit through every committee, and be on hand generally for anything and everything, then we shall be inferior preachers. The same unhappy end can be reached by forcing a portion of our strength away from our work, as for example, to the acquirement of further means of living, or the painful and anxious economy of what we have.

“Much depends on ourselves. If we live mainly among books and little among men; if we defer the severe labor of composition till the end of the week, and then think how to get respectably through for the Sabbath, intending to do better next week; if we take no pains to know the points at which we and the message we carry can come into contact with the minds of our hearers; then plainly our preaching power

will be small, even though the union were a thousand times more glorious than it is. But our preaching power is our real power, and there is not one among us that will not own that he could have made much more of it. While therefore the great event of our time cannot in this respect improve us, it were surely a good time for our people and ourselves to seek that improvement. A living church will always be a preaching Church. The decay of the pulpit goes hand in hand with the decay of piety, partly as cause, and partly as effect. We shall be strong when men shall feel that where the church is Presbyterian, the strong presumption is that there will be in it *thoroughly good preaching*."

As a preacher his own success in New York was instantaneous. In the letter already quoted (page 194) to his friend Dr. Magee he dwells upon the simplicity which adorned his preaching to the end. His first sermon was preached on November the 3d on the text Isa. 52 : 7, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, etc." The sermon dwelt upon the poetical character of the passage, and the beauty of the language, then expounded the substance of the message—a message of peace, through forgiveness of sin and loving re-

lations established in Christ Jesus. This early preaching was characteristic of the preaching of the lifetime. Old sermons were often refused, and my father not only did not despise re preaching of sermons but thought that the self-criticism of the process, if the second preparation was as conscientious as it ought to be, was an actual benefit both to the preacher and his people. Later in life he published his volume on "God's word through preaching" in the "Lyman Beecher Lecture" course before the Yale Theological Seminary, in which he set forth fully his views of preaching in method and spirit. He also wrote at one time an interesting little autobiographical sketch of his pulpit progress, of which a few extracts are appended.

"Among the gifted professors of the Theological Seminary," he writes, "of which I enjoyed the advantages were two men of conspicuous prominence as preachers. Dr. Henry Cooke and Dr. John Edgar were unlike in style and manner, but each enjoyed the public confidence and commanded the attention of the community. They were not only instructors in principles and in methods; they were examples and inspirers. No minister of prominence in the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, of that day, read his manu-

script in the pulpit. A certain proportion of its six hundred pastors, at the present time however, read carefully prepared discourses.

“It was the rule of the classes for the student to receive texts, and to preach from them before the professor and the class, and to receive such criticism from the professor upon arrangement, matter, and manner, as he felt to be proper. The sermons were commonly memorized and given verbally as written. Reading was not the order of those—to the preacher, solemn occasions.

“We were not, of course, taught that memorizing the language was to be our enduring method, but that careful writing contributed to order, clearness, correctness of description, and definiteness. All my experience since my student-days confirms that impression.

“My ministry began, and continued for three years, in somewhat peculiar conditions, the congregations consisting of the Protestant Gentry, not Presbyterians, a few Presbyterians, and the majority not only not used to Protestant, but many of them not used to the English language. It was necessary to prepare to speak in such a way as to interest the educated and at the same time to be intelligible to the rest of the hearers. It was not uncommon to deliver a carefully pre-

pared sermon in the forenoon, to go, frequently on foot, seven or eight miles in the afternoon, and repeat it to a corresponding congregation, in the evening. The experience of the morning sometimes led to modifications in the evening. What seemed to be obscure to the hearers in the morning was clarified as much as possible in the delivery to the evening hearers.

“It appeared to be my duty, at length, to come from the ‘West of Ireland’ to my native country, and take charge of the First Presbyterian Church, in succession to a pastor of great culture and of high character. The congregation included a large portion of the educated people of the city, and the rest—one half the congregation—consisted of comfortable farmers all around it, within a radius of two to three miles. The same necessity existed for sermons that would be edifying to the city people without being ‘over the heads’ of the rural members. The writing of the sermons went on as before, but with a little less reproduction in speaking of the language as written. The topics were selected early in the week. It was needful to go into the rural districts for week evening sermons, in schoolhouses and in farmers’ houses, and while preparation was made for discourses for these meetings, it

was less formal than for the Lord's day, consisting of 'abstracts,' or 'notes,' with a system of contractions both of sentences and of words, of my own invention.

"It was then common to arrange topics in a series, so that preparation in reading could be carried on in advance, and also to have one of the two services expository—a method of teaching which many people need, and which saves the pastor from the dreary soliloquy, 'I wonder what I should preach on next Sabbath.' The expositions did not require as much writing, but quite as much study, as did the sermons; and it was found to be a help to regular attendance by the best of the people, when they naturally said: 'I would like to hear the rest of what he has to say on that line,' of subjects or of an Epistle, or a minor prophet.

"After half-a-dozen happy years in the capital of my native county, at the urgent request of brethren to whom I looked up, I was removed to the capital of my native land, to be colleague to a saintly pastor whose name I write down with affectionate remembrance, Rev. Wm. B. Kirkpatrick, D.D. For the first year or two I had only to preach once each Sabbath in our own pulpit, but my brethren of various denominations

were very good to me, and afforded opportunities to preach when I was not needed in our Mary's Abbey.

"It is proper to say—as already mentioned that every word is not written down, nor every word in full. One learns to contract sentences, keeping in its place every determining word, and to contrast also, familiar words. One incidental advantage of this it may be allowable to mention. When a gentlemanly reporter asks for the sermon the true reply: 'I write out, but with a system of abbreviation a printer could not use,' is 'a saving'—in several directions.'

"It would be natural to say: 'What is the use of writing in this way?' The answer I give might not be pertinent in other cases. The writer can only speak for himself. One has often general ideas, indefinite views partly from the feeling, partly from the judgment. To put them down distinctly tends to remove the nebulous element, and makes them *communicable*; for how can an audience catch an idea which the speaker cannot put into lucid expression? Conciseness is thus produced, and the mind is helped to follow the natural sequence of ideas. What one sees under heads I, II, and III, with perhaps, orderly items (1), (2), (3), and practical

applications (a), (b), (c), will usually be more orderly, easier of recollection, and more intelligible than would be an extemporaneous address however much thought out. There is moreover—the writer now speaks for himself—a certain relief to the mind when one can say to his own conscience: ‘It is a poor sermon for such a grand theme, but it is the best that I can do.’ It may not be improper to add that I have, many a time, outlined the topics for thanksgiving, confession, and petition in prayer, so as to give the best expression I could to what the people should, and would, join in presenting before the Father’s throne.”

The building at Nineteenth Street was soon packed at each service. Camp-chairs were placed down each aisle. The inconvenience to pew-holders of the coming of strangers into their pews gave rise to complaint; and promptly six of the most influential, and one or two of them the oldest, members in the session and board of trustees took upon themselves the task of seating the strangers, and made in many ways the church one of the pleasantest to visit. When Mr. Robert L. Stewart or Mr. Henry Day asked any one if they could seat a stranger, a refusal was given only in case of disagreeable necessity.

The services being in the morning and afternoon, my father preached almost regularly on Sunday evenings in some other church, and his voice was soon familiar in almost all the Evangelical Churches of New York and Brooklyn.

Into the New York pastorate was brought the same systematic pastoral work that had marked his Dublin and Armagh periods. Day after day he sought out the members of his flock, high and low, visiting with caretaking system family after family, watching over those employed in households with the same diligence as those who employed. From time to time he visited the business section of the city, and although seldom sitting down, he yet visited the offices of the business and professional men. He liked to know, he said, where and how they work. The sick he visited regularly, and doctors who are often and, sometimes reasonably, suspicious of ministers' visits to their serious cases, have told the writer that they made exception in the case of my father, whose low accents and ready tact and short ministrations encouraged and strengthened and soothed, where less skillful or sympathetic visitation would have excited and done harm.

For purely social engagements he had no time.

The number of houses where he ever dined in a formal social way could be numbered on his fingers. He felt in later life, that he perhaps had neglected opportunities along this line. Yet he never saw exactly what other course, under the circumstances, he could have pursued. That that which is known as the "social world" was altogether out of his range and knowledge he felt with some degree of sadness.

All that was harmless and innocent he thought should be in contact with the religious life, yet many things he was opposed to, which Christian feeling he deeply respected considered innocent. Thus he never thought the theatre anything but an evil, and though fond of music, even if in an untrained way, yet he never went where he thought the prejudices of any would be offended, and when abroad he always resisted the inducements often held out to him by friends to go to the opera, unwilling to do abroad what he would not do at home.

Yet he had abundant charity when he was sure that Christian judgment was convinced that another course was proper. "I am not a policeman," he once said to one who playfully confessed a fondness for the theatre, "I am only an adviser. I advise you not to go, but to your

Saviour alone you stand or fall in such matters; I may be wrong." And once writing in the *Christian Intelligencer* he put the case strongly, saying:

"Let us not as Christian ministers undertake to pronounce upon amusements, discriminating which is good, which is bad, and when an innocent becomes a sinful game. For one thing, we have more dignified work to do than to measure the comparative qualities of all the pastimes of the people, from 'fox and goose' upward or downward. For another, our oracle will be construed in ways we never intended. We approve, for example, of square dances, not of round. Well, the devil will soon put the mischievous elements of the dance we condemn into that we approve; and we are now in a worse case than before, for the evil proceeds with our approval, and we cannot turn dancing-masters to oppose it, nor be always on hand to point it out.

"For yet another thing, this plan *minimizes* Christian people. 'Our minister allows so and so;' 'Our pastor disapproves of so and so.' What! have you no judgment, no conscience, no Bible? or are they packed away like children's knives, lest they should cut their innocent fingers,

while a clerical mamma, or a Rev. 'Father' does all the serious cutting? Let me be a preacher, a teacher, a writer, if I can; but let me never become that compound of vanity, ambition, love of power, misguided zeal and distorted religion, 'a spiritual director.' We are helpers of the people's faith. Saintliness as well as sex forbids our being degraded into duennas."

Many thought on account of his firm views on such subjects that they had to be hypocrites to him. But that was not the case. Some of his dearest friends differed from him and he had only to be sure that they were acting conscientiously, and for him the matter was settled. He might think them mistaken, but he left the final decision to themselves.

For his judgment in even business matters men versed in such things had a profound respect. As he went in and out as a pastor his worth as a friend and helpful adviser was recognized. His correspondence up to the day of his death reveals the thousand avenues of his influence as his counsel was sought for far and wide. In his pastoral work he sought to bring forward the spiritual interests he had at heart. Where it was possible and it could be tactfully done he sought to have prayer with those whom he visited. Of

course in a great city this was not always possible. But sooner or later on occasion of trouble or loss or difficulty he came as the bearer of a message into nearly every family of his congregation. And even after the first shock had laid the foundation for the trouble that ended his life, he toiled patiently up high flights of stairs, often, in vain, seeking those who sometimes had but the barest claims upon his ministry. A physician who knew him only by sight was deeply moved in the spring of 1898 by seeing him leaning heavily and breathlessly on the balustrade toiling up three flights of stairs he should never have attempted to climb, as he sought out some one to whom he was bringing his message of peace and hope.

IX. THE NEW CHURCH BUILDING
AND ENLARGING INFLUENCE

THE SILENT TOWER¹

BY REV. GEORGE W. BUNGAY

It rises in silence and splendor
In the light of a better day;
The lesson is touching and tender
To the sufferers over the way.

It points to the bells that are ringing
In heaven, unheard here below,
Where the choir celestial is singing
Near the throne that is whiter than snow.

The music of silence is sweeter
Than the ringing of bells in towers;
It chords with the cadence whose metre
Is sweet as the wind-harp in flowers.

By the couches where patients are sleeping,
And dreaming of visions above,
Two angels their vigils are keeping —
One is Mercy, the other is Love.

Not even the clock that's revealing
The passing away of the hour,
Can disturb with dolorous pealing,
Since Love struck it dumb in the tower.

¹ Dr. John Hall's people refrained from hanging a bell in the tower of their church, and would not even suffer the clock to strike, lest the patients in St. Luke's Hospital, then opposite, should be disturbed.

IX

THE NEW CHURCH BUILDING AND ENLARGING INFLUENCE

NEW YORK'S CHANGES. THE NEW CHURCH BUILDING. FELLOW-WORKERS IN THE CONGREGATION. OUTSIDE ACTIVITIES. EDUCATION. HOME MISSIONS. SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. POWERS AS A DEBATOR. CHURCH EXTENSION AND CITY MISSIONS. LITERARY WORK AND AMBITIONS. THEOLOGY.

NEW YORK in the years between 1867 and 1870 was in many respects a very different city from the Greater New York of to-day. Nor is the new city altogether an improvement. The whole scale of living was simpler. The extremes of poverty only began to be apparent after 1873, and the city itself, if wholly lacking in architectural attractiveness, had yet an air of comfortable sufficiency written on even its byways. Even the gaudy Bowery, in those days the climax of rough looseness of life, was neither so squalid nor so repulsive as are similar situations in the greater city. At the same time there was written then on the face of New York the fact that the period was one of transition. The "old inhabitants" whose fishing stories included Canal Street in their hunting-grounds, felt that the

movement up-town was not going to stop at Twenty-third Street. The insufficiency of the building at Nineteenth Street and Fifth Avenue to contain the congregation was made clear from the very first. In the beginning it was felt that the increase might perhaps be temporary, but the pastoral work that followed up the preaching made the pressure on the pews only greater from week to week. Moreover the visiting was more and more "up-town," and the drift of the population was manifest. At the same time Central Park seemed to supply a natural barrier, and when at last the demand for more room became imperative, many asked themselves, where can we go and be safe for years to come? The answer to that question was not easy to give, and caused delay for some time. Many, and those thoughtful men, wanted simply to stay and build on the old site a larger church. Others thought that the neighborhood of Forty-first Street was as far up as the congregation could with safety go. At first a small number, but a gradually increasing one, decided that if the church moved it should move ahead of the centre of present population, and that by going near to the Central Park a fair permanency might be obtained. This view my father shared. He felt however

that under all the circumstances the congregation must take the responsibility of any change.

Already in July of the year 1868 there had come to the old Nineteenth Street Church the enterprising owner of the family weekly paper which had then the widest circulation of any family paper in America, if not in the world. Mr. Robert Bonner was of Scotch-Irish blood, and a man of prodigious energy and wonderful discernment and knowledge of men and things. He was at once attracted to my father and the two men, in many ways utterly unlike, became fast and life-long friends. He at once flung himself quietly but most efficiently into the affairs of the church. He was known and utterly trusted by the group of men, who one by one were taken away from the counsels of the church by death, until at last he remained well-nigh the only survivor at the time of my father's own decease. He was known all over the world as the owner of "Dexter" the famous trotter whose record has been beaten, but whose fame has never been surpassed. He however had tried to explain to my father in a playful letter that he never trotted his horses for money, and never had them raced. Far-seeing and resolute Mr. Bonner had made up his mind very early just where the church should be built, and in

quiet talks with those who had been longer in the church he succeeded in getting a number to share his views. He was moreover of the opinion advanced by Mr. R. L. Stuart, at that time the most influential officer in the church, that when the new building was undertaken it should be both in extent and character worthy of Presbyterianism in the metropolitan city of the East.

By 1872 the plans were well under way, and in a congregational meeting the resolution had already been carried, with practical unanimity to go up-town. Real estate was at that time counted high, and the price of the lots seemed to many enormous, although they could not now be bought, probably, for anything like the sum then paid. The plans for the building that now stands on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street were approved and bonds were issued to secure the necessary funds. The correspondence of the years 1872 to 1877 are filled with the plans and pains attendant upon so large an enterprise. To "own a pew" meant in the Old World tradition family possession with the payment of a yearly tithe. This plan had been adopted with reference to the Nineteenth Street building, hence when the change was contemplated the "owners" of pews, in distinction from those

simply renting them yearly from the trustees, in the old building had already claims for "ownership" in the pews of the new structure. In some ways this was felt to be unfortunate by several, yet on the other hand the plans for a change were fostered by those who were bound by the old tradition, and who felt they had a life interest in the material side of the church organization.

The building committee was a strong body of able men; the plans were made on a liberal scale, and the building was started. In spite of the fact that the panic of 1873 found many of the congregation financially imperilled, and notwithstanding the losses all suffered in the falling prices, the building proceeded steadily and was occupied in 1875.

By this time my father had also removed his residence to No. 3 West Fifty-sixth Street, which house became the parsonage from that time until later lots were bought next the church, in part to protect its light and appearance, and on those lots a parsonage was then built. The debt, however, hanging over the church was a burden on my father's heart. Many were inclined to let "another generation" bear some of the burdens. The minister felt the infelicity of

such a course. He feared a possible vacancy in the pastoral office, and dreaded the ill-effects of a large debt on other churches. He found also that the benevolences of the church might suffer. Hence he strained his influence with the congregation to the utmost, and having the hearty support of Mr. Robert Bonner, whose total gifts far exceeded those of any other single individual, the debt was paid in the spring of 1877. This closing of the debt account was felt to begin a new era of activity. From this on the church became the centre of untold streams of influence, and the incessant labors of the pastor seemed to have no end and no limit.

No sketch of my father's life would be according to his mind and heart without some record of that group of men who shared his earliest ministry in New York, and who remained his warm and enthusiastic supporters until death took them one by one from each other. The two brothers Mr. R. L. and Alexander Stuart were among the first to welcome the young Irish delegate in 1867, and became warm advocates of the policy of calling him to America. The wealth at their disposal they gave freely and thoughtfully. They both had peculiarities, such as are often found in men of those earlier days, but they remained to the

end of their lives faithful and wise friends of my father. To Mr. Henry Day he was also devotedly attached; like Mr. De Forest, Mr. Henry Day stood openly upon a theological ground broader than was the tradition of the church. But for such differences my father had but little interest; he saw in the men the Christ-life, and honored it under other theological terms, while holding fast and deeming of importance his own theological forms. Very early Mr. William Walker was taken from the side of his pastor, and he was sorely missed. He was a peculiarly outspoken man, although gentle almost to weakness, and with him my father had profound spiritual sympathies. They shared some hopes and fears for the church together, about which my father seldom spoke to any other of his officers. Upon Mr. William Sloane also my father leaned for many things. He honored Mr. Sloane's faithful personal services. As the treasurer of the church he did with his own hand in the midst of an exceedingly busy life, work he refused to entrust to any clerk, as he felt it was of a highly confidential nature. Mr. William Skidmore too was one who stood closely to the interests of the church, and was near my father in all counsels. There were others, some of his

early advisers and friends God has spared in His goodness, to this day, and others like Mr. H. M. Alexander survived him by only a little while.

The entrance into the new building was followed by an immediate increase in the work entailed upon the pastor. The visiting became even more difficult as it stretched from Washington Square far up-town past the Central Park. To make the visitation more efficient the plan was adopted, of reading from the pulpit the streets in which the pastor expected to visit during the week. It was one of the discouragements of his later ministry that the pastoral visitation did not seem to him as effective or as much sought after as before the great scattering of the city, and the changes that have taken place in the mode of living of the people. These changes were going on very rapidly. The steady quiet life that was characteristic of the so many American homes in the earlier period exists, no doubt, to-day, but the showy luxurious life of a great wasteful cosmopolitan city is what is on the surface; is seen daily, and affects sooner or later all classes.

It was to my father, as probably to many another thoughtful city minister, a source of anxiety that the home training no longer seemed

to him to emphasize properly the religious element. This was undoubtedly an increasing anxiety as the congregation grew larger and larger and less and less homogeneous.

The expense of the church was, of course, a matter of remark and of some criticism. This criticism my father always considered thoughtless and short-sighted. By nature he was interested in and attached to institutions. He saw in the institutional life of the Presbyterian church a tremendous force. That force could only be felt, he realized, in a great and growing city by an institutional life worthy in external character of the life it represented. It was not needless display, but a harmony between the external and the inner life which attracted him in the plans for a permanent building of larger proportions than the ordinary church life demands. The building represented to him the place he felt Presbyterianism should have in the forming of the city life, and in the moulding of future character. Into the new building he built his own life and heart, not for his own sake, but for the sake of that which was dearer to him than life.

The sale of the pews took place on a Monday night and on Tuesday the following characteristic note from Mr. Bonner announced the result.

228 THE NEW CHURCH BUILDING

Tuesday morning, 1875.

DEAR DR. HALL:

Five hundred and twenty thousand dollars for one hundred and ninety-one pews! Nothing like it was ever known. At least, so they all say. It was too late last night, when we ascertained the result, or John A., and R. B., would have been over at your house to congratulate you. As Napoleon said, "Much has been done, but much yet remains to do."

In Dr. James W. Alexander's "Familiar Letters" he has several passages about the Nineteenth Street church building when *it* was new which I think will interest you. I presume you have his "Letters"; but I have marked several passages in my volume, so that you can see them at a glance. See pages 178, 179, 180, 181, 182 and 183.

We are all delighted with the result. The most sanguine of us did not expect over \$30,000 in premiums, and yet we had over \$74,000 for the privilege of taking pews at those high prices!

Ever yours,

ROBERT BONNER.

The building was largely paid for by the energy of a few. In a note, intended to restrain in a playful way any tendency to excessive exultation, Mr. Bonner sent later the following calculations with regard to the sources of the income:

May 8th, 1877.

MY DEAR DR. HALL:

Inasmuch as you have asked me, I will answer frankly that I do not think you have any particular reason for "bragging" much of the work that your "people" have done in paying off the debt.

Let us look at the facts: Figures in *this case* will not lie. Before we entered the new church, we raised exactly \$180,222.09; and now we have had subscribed, including collection, \$148,174.00,—making from all sources a total of \$328,996.09

that has been given to the church. This, of course, has no reference to receipts from sales of pews; but it is *all* that has ever been given. Now, of this entire sum I find that William Sloan has given \$50,000; R. L. and A. Stuart \$65,000; R. B. \$131,000—making from three parties alone, \$246,000. If you take \$246,000 from \$328,996.09, you have only \$82,996.09 left;—but even of this sum the pastor and his family contributed \$3,427.88; so that all which your “people” (three parties only excepted) have ever given under any and all circumstances, for *the million-dollar church*, amounts to just \$79,568.21. Not much in my judgment, (which you ask), to “brag” of.

The congregations at once filled the building. At first it was thought that after a little while the congregations would fall off—curiosity having been satisfied. This was not the case. The faithful pastoral work that followed up the preaching secured ever increasing strength to the permanent worshippers, and Sunday after Sunday throughout the winter months great audiences listened to the simple straightforward preaching that remained substantially the same in message and character from the beginning to the end.

Here may be the place to speak of the outside work that fell to the lot of the minister of so large a church. It was often an amazement to those who had correspondence with him, how the pastor of the Fifth Avenue church could do his work without a secretary. The extent of the

correspondence was enormous. Every activity in which he had an interest brought with it innumerable notes, requests, demands of one sort or another. From the first all letters were answered by himself, and with the exception of three winters, when the writer cared for his correspondence in part, and two winters when he had outside help in arranging all his papers, he cared for all his writing with his own pen. To the last he wrote the same firm, rapid, legible handwriting which made his little "night school" on the old farm a much sought circle.

His interest in education was intelligent and keen. Perhaps his experience from the days of that boyish experiment in some degree accounts for this interest. Very early he began to raise his voice in favor of more thorough education in the United States. He defended the public school system of New York in days when the undue preponderance of Irish Roman Catholics of an earnest but ignorant type attacked it with some show of success. This was the same battle for "Godless" education as even good Protestants called it, which he had fought in Ireland.

When the reunion of the Old and New School Assemblies took place he was given a representative responsibility in the Board of Directors of

Union Theological Seminary. He was also a trustee of Princeton College, and had a good deal to do with obtaining Dr. McCosh as president of that institution. In Princeton Seminary he was also deeply interested, and rejoiced at the warm support given that school of learning by Mr. and Mrs. Stuart. After Dr. Hodge had forgiven him for his heresies on the subject of eleemosynary education, the affinity in theology drew the two men together, and the warm and kindly temper of Dr. Hodge was always highly praised whenever he spoke on the subject.

Along another line quite outside the individual Church much strength and time was given from the first by the newcomer to American shores. He found the Sunday-school instruction beyond all description bad. It is weak and superficial enough now, but then it was far worse. The International Sunday-school Series had his warmest support and advocacy. In fact the International character was largely due to his influence and exertions. From the beginning he sat with the committee on the lessons, and week after week wrote expositions of those lessons for the *Sunday-school World*, the organ of the American Sunday-school Union. In later life he went off the committee and felt in some degree that

the International Lessons had served their purpose. He was loyal to the General Assembly's decision to establish a Sunday-school Board, at the same time he had given so much time and strength to the Interdenominational Sunday-school work that to the end this aspect had his most hearty sympathy. One whole summer he devoted to a tour on behalf of the work of the Sunday-school Union, and visited all the larger places of Iowa, Kansas, Illinois and on into Michigan working with Mr. Ensign, and holding night after night great meetings the effects of which are yet felt in the western work.

One of the impressions he records on that trip was of a lack of really highly cultured young women as teachers, a lack more felt then perhaps than now, and he took a warm interest in the work of the colleges for women. He had prejudices against coeducaton, even where he saw it was inevitable, but as trustee for Wellesley and as preacher to other such institutions he did what he could to show his sense of the need of high-class intellectual work for women.

Much against the advice of some very near to him, he refused to acquiesce in the hopelessness with which some had come to regard the New York University. His friend Dr. Howard Crosby

had without any compensation, and with much energy and tact conducted the affairs of the University as chancellor. He at last became, my father thought, unnecessarily discouraged, and the institution was in actual danger. With the new church on his hands and all the other duties to do, it seemed quite impossible for him to assume a new responsibility. But he did. With the title of chancellor *pro tem.* he at once took hold, and raised enough to insure the existence of the institution. Then he summoned to his aid Dr. MacCracken, who became vice-chancellor, and as soon as the reins were in his hands relieved my father of responsibility along those lines. This was in the year 1881, and he only retired from the position in 1891, when the obvious success of the acting chancellor, Dr. MacCracken made him no longer necessary to the institution's success. It was with profound conviction that such an institution of learning was needed, even while recognizing the wide scope of Columbia University, that the work was done. He was firmly persuaded that under existing conditions no one place of learning would represent all the aspirations for higher education found in New York. He considered it wholesome for both institutions that they should prosper along

their own lines. In his judgment there was not only room and place for both, but a very real need for both. How, he used to ask, would any Board of Trustees succeed in representing all the conflicting interests and various educational ideals found in our heterogeneous population? The wisdom of his action has been abundantly justified by the success of the institution.

As the education struggle in Ireland fitted him in some degree for facing the educational problems of America, so also the experience in the missions of Connaught made him ever a warm supporter of home missions in his adopted country. After the reconstruction of the Church's work in connection with the reunion he became connected officially with the Home Board, and served its interests faithfully until his illness in 1898 when he desired to lay down his office of President of the Board. To Assembly after Assembly he addressed stirring appeals for the cause he had ever on his heart. He enlisted a wide public sympathy on behalf of the West, and his personal knowledge of the country gave his appeals great force. In his choice of colaborers his fault was an unbounded but, alas, not always well-founded faith that all men had his enthusiasm and his capacity and willingness to work.

It was at times quite pathetic to see how wounded and hurt he was by the carelessness, blunders and incompetency of those whom he had trusted as good men with sincere professions.

It was in good faith that he assumed the presidency of the Board of Home Missions of the reunited church. He felt himself to be a representative of both wings, and he always tried to insist on fairness and justice in the theological disputes some tried to introduce into its workings. Indignantly he repelled the suggestion of making the Home Board representative of one shade of thought in the church. Many who heard his speech, made by courtesy at the Assembly, of which he was not a member, in defense of the policy he stood for in Pittsburg in 1895, bitterly resented it, but he carried the Assembly with him, and saved the good faith and the credit of the Board of Home Missions. At that Assembly it had been proposed to practically make the Home Board the organ of a particular shade of theological opinion. The results of any such action would have been disastrous, yet undoubtedly the proposal would have been carried, had not my father as the president of the Board, obtained the floor and in a brief speech of great power completely turned the tide.

Only now and then were the really remarkable powers of persuasion and of debate, possessed by my father, seen to their best advantage. He both distrusted Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's theology and disliked, what he considered, Beecher's superficial treatment of the older thought. He had occasion, however, in his earlier life in New York to indirectly have a good deal of intercourse with Mr. Beecher, through Mr. Robert Bonner, who was a warm friend of Mr. Beecher's, and continued so, until he thought Mr. Beecher misused his confidence when a certain coldness came between the two men. Mr. Beecher often expressed a good deal of admiration for the "young Irishman with the golden mouth," as he once called him, and got several articles for his paper from his pen. They also met occasionally on the platform, and at one such meeting Mr. Beecher took occasion to speak slightly of Calvin. This gave an occasion for my father to defend in courteous, but vigorous language what he considered Mr. Beecher had too lightly defamed. My father was at that time relatively unknown, but many who were present, have since told the writer that they never heard a more able and impressive answer, and never saw a great audience, at the beginning hostile, so completely carried off by enthusiasm

for that at which a few minutes before they were laughing and jesting under the influence of Mr. Beecher's wonderful powers of banter and attack.

Another line of work strongly attracted my father. He felt the need of maintaining and strengthening the institutional church life of Protestantism in the city. Both in the work of church extension and in city missions was he engaged faithfully and actively for many years. He was, perhaps, inclined to underestimate the necessity of a variety in the church work among the more floating populations, and to consider extravagant what other men's experience taught them to consider necessary expense. Yet he never for one moment doubted that as the city was so would the country be soon. Like Paul he felt that the city must be captured and held if the cause of Christ and righteousness were to triumph. This faith in institutional life showed itself in his eagerness to advance church erection over the land. When the General Assembly passed the very wise rule that a minister should have a place on only one board, against his judgment, and at the request of the Board of Church Erection my father was made a special exception, and he remained on both boards as long as he

thought he could be useful. His special eagerness being to provide parsonages as far as possible in connection with the weaker churches. His arguments were that such a "manse" was generally a good investment; gave the minister an official residence that was there beyond criticism as "too shabby or too luxurious"; was a certain part of the salary that could not "get behindhand"; and was to the community a certain guarantee of permanence in the church life.

The literary ambitions of my father were limited to immediate influence upon his own generation. From his earliest public life in Connaught he had made use of the public press. Early he valued highly the weekly press, and rejoiced in every opportunity of addressing those who might in no other way come under his influence. The enormous amount of literary work he accomplished in the midst of his other labors seems well-nigh incredible. From 1869 to about 1887, he must have averaged weekly an amount of writing equal to at least three columns of the ordinary daily paper. For the *New York Ledger* he wrote regularly and successfully, and in large degree considered it a part of his best work. His articles had always a moral and religious aim,

and yet they were read by thousands whose lives he could in no other way touch. Dr. Theodore D. Cuyler has often emphasized the "pen and the weekly press," and along the same lines my father steadily worked. With the exception of a little volume of "Papers for Home Reading" published by Dodd and Mead he refused to even attempt to give a permanent form to these writings. He said of them as of sermons that the thought of writing for posterity would detract from their power for the present. All his literary work sprang thus from his sense of immediate need. Early he published a volume of "Family Prayers" because he found many coming over to evangelical Protestantism who knew not how to pray, save as they had some printed guidance. He followed Mr. Henry Ward Beecher in the Yale Lecture Course on Preaching, with a series of simple, but direct lectures on "God's Word through Preaching" (Dodd, Mead and Co., New York). For the American Sunday-school Union he once wrote a volume on "The Christian Home" 1883, and one of the tasks in which he took great delight towards the close of his life was a volume of daily texts with comments called "Light Upon My Path" published by Brentano. He had no ambition to shine either

as a profound thinker, or as a literary genius. Yet all that he wrote is marked by the utmost refinement of feeling for style and balance of sentence. And all his writings breathe the clear, simple manly common sense, that made him the ready helper of so many thousands.

He never overestimated his own powers, indeed he rather underestimated them, and whatever he did he did with a certain force and directness peculiarly his own. He actually objected to publishing or printing his sermons and addresses, and in the few cases in which this was done he generally appended an apology. Yet naturally many such sermons and addresses found their way into print. Some he revised himself, but generally all he attempted was to correct with his own pen any slips and obscurities.

In all his literary work, as in his preaching what he regarded as the "Gospel" shines out. He had a definite system of theology; and he attached importance to it. Most clearly was he in the habit of stating such positions in the lecture-room on Wednesday evening, or to his Ladies' Bible class on a week-day afternoon. Yet even then it was not a theology he taught so much as a message he delivered. His theological system

was the eclectic evangelical Calvinism prevalent in evangelical circles in the United Kingdom, after the great religious movements of the Eighteenth Century. It lacked the sharp definite structure of the theologies of the Seventeenth Century, but more than made up for that by the gentleness of tone, and the emphasis upon God as the believer's Father. It is a dangerous thing to attempt to formulate any one else's faith in a few words, and yet so simple and so clear were the outlines of the system that underlay all my father's preaching and teaching that justice can at least be partly done to it.

He accepted simply the doctrine of the Trinity as a mystery, but a mystery in the sense that it was declared, and in its declaration was an aid to faith and devotion. At one time he was attracted to the "Kenosis" or "emptying" theory to explain the twofold nature of Jesus Christ, but soon turned definitely away from it and all explanations, preaching simply the perfect manhood, and absolute divinity of Jesus Christ. Here again he accepted the modifications in Christology brought about by the evangelical revival, and Jesus as the man suffering with us had constant place in his proclamation. Once in the early days of his ministry in New York he was

asked to preach at Harvard, and knowing something, by report, of the atmosphere there he determined to preach Jesus as attractively but as strongly as he courteously could. He had met Dr. Peabody on his trip to America, in 1867, but in some way did not recognize him on the platform. Dr. Peabody walked home with him and spoke so warmly of the sermon that my father assumed that his companion was in full sympathy with the trinitarian position, and said something about his object in thus speaking; then Dr. Peabody made himself known and remarked that if Jesus Christ had been so presented in the days of the Unitarian struggle, many would have kept their places in evangelical circles. He held firmly to the theory of the atonement as a sacrifice to satisfy an abstract outraged Justice; but held that God's love vindicated itself in providing the ransom and in accepting the substitution; thus as he saw it, maintaining the moral order of the universe and revealing the Father's love. At the same time he definitely proclaimed this theory only as the one that satisfied his judgment best, while having patience with other theories so long as the sacrificial nature of the atonement was involved.

His theory of inspiration remained an unshaken

faith that whatever errors transcription might have introduced into the pages as we have them, that inerrancy in a very strict sense was to be attributed to the inspired word. In early life he had attacked with a good deal of severity the premillenarian views so frequently found in evangelical circles. Though he never adopted them he became markedly more patient with them in later life, and clung to the faith that the Jews as a nation were yet to be converted, and that then the "fullness of the Gentiles" would come in. Rather remarkable, indeed, is the history of this hope. He had it from his mother, who in turn had it from her cousin the Rev. Wm. Magowan who was minister in Mount Norris, where stood the parish church, and who baptized my father. Mr. Magowan gave a great deal of time and strength to work for converting the Jews, and when the mother was compelled to say good-bye to her eldest son going as a minister to New York, she left on record the fact that in her sorrow her one comfort was that her "boy would be preaching to many nations, and might evangelize many of God's Israel."

In the refinements of theological speculation he had little interest. For him the theology that resolved the doubts of the ordinary theologically

untrained hearer was sufficient. He knew nothing of German speculative theology, and was inclined to regard it as useless if not dangerous, at the same time felt that a trained minister who had the opportunity should master it if he could. Very early in the theological training of the present writer he advised acquiring a knowledge of French and German, and more than once he himself undertook the study of French. Yet he did not feel the necessity for his own thought of work along the directions of modern speculation, and scientific enquiry. He was apt to distrust new phraseology, and felt even some measure of impatience with those whom the older phrases no longer satisfied, and who were compelled to recast the forms in which faith was expressed. In a life of such ceaseless activity, in a theology in which a deep and constant Christian experience was the real basis, the intellectual elements although not wanting did not play the principal part. There was firm faith that the system of evangelical teachings, that even the round of evangelical formulæ which seemed most consonant with Scripture, would stand the most searching tests, but the application of those tests my father was content to leave to others. And for the most part he confined himself to the facts

of Christian experience, and had therefore among those whom he deeply influenced many whose intellectual life and whose intellectual convictions differed greatly from his own.

X. HOME LIFE AND SUMMER TRAVELS

SOLILOQUY AMONG THE HILLS¹

DR. JOHN HALL

From joys like those, that cannot be defined,
Part of the hills and earth, and part of God.
From nearness and the sense of it, the step
To silence absolute, is too abrupt. One must
Send up into the hills a "Benedicite."
Would it could be forever audible !
Yet why ? It will, one knows, forever fall
Where I would have it, audibly or not.
No answering voice is hoped, or needed here :
It is enough to know of kindly thoughts
That lift up and transfigure, judging one
By what he should be, not by what he is,
And murmured blessings, sympathies, and prayers ;
And that perchance the sense of human love,
For love's sake living in another's breast,
May—as the hills though lower touch the heaven,
Suggest the Love Divine, and all that it has given.

¹ Probably written in Wales about 1873.

X

HOME LIFE AND SUMMER TRAVELS

HUMOR. FREEDOM IN EDUCATION. AMUSEMENTS. THE VACATION. SAN FRANCISCO. ILLNESS. MOTHER'S DEATH. NEPHEW'S DEATH. THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. ON BOARD SHIP. GERMANY. ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION. THE PRESS. ABSURD REPORTS.

INTIMATELY bound up with his work as preacher and teacher was the home life of the father and friend. To many the extreme earnestness of the pulpit ministrations seemed to exclude any humorous side, as my father never raised a laugh or even often caused a smile while preaching. At the same time he was gifted with a keen sense of humor, had many a good story, and in public address had a most happy way of putting the audience in touch with him by some whimsical remark. Yet even here the smile was merely a means to an end, and the end was seldom merely amusement.

The present writer does not know whether any special pedagogic theories ever occupied the father's attention, but the circumstances of a changing field of work did somewhat disturb the educational plans for the family. In the

home books were on hand on all sorts of subjects, and interest in a great variety of topics was cultivated. The home life included great freedom of both thought and action. A note in a stray engagement book marks the fact "to-day secured for Dick, Darwin's 'Descent of Man.'" As the boy was only then fifteen and Darwin in 1874 was being denounced from nearly every pulpit, and in the columns of the weekly religious press as the arch-destroyer of the faith, and as my father himself, so far as the present writer's knowledge goes, never accepted Darwin's views, such an entry marks the spirit of freedom in which the family grew up. To some degree the very catholicity of the man sprang from the sure faith in him that he had common sense and truth on his side so evidently and so strongly that it only needed statement to convince any right understanding. He felt that things must be argued out, and had little fear as to the ultimate result of the argument. Moreover his dealings with Roman Catholic methods, and his strong Protestantism made him, as it made Dr. Henry Cooke his teacher, afraid of suppressive measures. Freedom of teaching was such a dire necessity in Ireland that anything that seemed to threaten it he saw to be a calamity. Given a fair field and he

felt fully persuaded that the system of evangelical theology must in the end win the day.

The great big preacher, who so often towered on the platform above all the rest, was exceedingly gentle. He could be pained and vexed, but probably no one ever saw him angry. Children took naturally to him, and climbed up without fear on his knee to hear a repeating watch, kept largely for their amusement, strike the hours and minutes. And hence he could talk and write to children. Although his preaching was often on a devotional and spiritual level far above a child's comprehension, yet his language seldom was so, and as children we and our childish companions dreaded any other preacher taking his place in the pulpit. The most distinct childish impressions are of a very busy man, always having something that had to be done at a special time, and of one who now and then greatly rejoiced all the children's hearts by taking "a long walk" with them. Into the study the children were always free to go, to get a piece of paper, a bit of string or a word of help, and the usual greeting was "Well, dear, what can I do for you?" The study was the scene of the wildest disorder. Letters, clippings, magazines with the leaves turned down, filled every nook and corner.

The bookcases and the very walls were decorated with half-sheets of paper containing engagements, notices, addresses, memoranda of all kinds. In the earlier life such was the power of memory possessed that each piece of paper could be turned to, and each letter was at hand. In later years a search had occasionally to be entered upon, and the reforming spirit once or twice took hold of the chaos, and order reigned—for a little while. “It is,” he said occasionally, “my *litter-ary* workshop,” and the litter none dare ruthlessly touch lest some important letter on the top might hide itself at the bottom. He read rapidly and miscellaneously and more than once remarked that “it had to be a very bad book from which one could not get something.” The writings of Whately influenced him deeply, and books of pure theology did not attract him. Refined speculation, or abstract critical processes were not congenial ground. His amusements were of the simplest character. He played now and then a game of “draughts” or “checkers,” and played a very good game. Now and then, though very, very rarely, he went to a concert, and nothing pleased him so much as a little music in the home. He had no systematic knowledge of music, yet picked out what pleased him, and

the opening movement of the "moonlight" sonata by Beethoven was what he most admired, although he did not realize at all the historic position of Beethoven as a composer, and knew it as "the piece that Jenny plays." On the continent he was fond of spending an evening at a music-garden, and watched the program with some amusement over the unfamiliar names. What pleased him best in these performances were the marches from the works of Wagner, and the somewhat wild Hungarian music made popular by Brahms.

He seldom had time for even "a walk," merely as a walk, but often he found a few visits had to be made out of the regular round, and then it was a pleasure to him to summon one of us to enjoy with him a stroll on the way. Wild scenery attracted him most strongly, and the lonely desolation of Colorado made a deep impression on him, but for pictorial art he had but little feeling.

Sometimes those near him thought he sacrificed too much of his time and strength and self for the sake of heeding all sorts of outside claims upon him. He ministered to all who came. The house had almost no protection for him, from morning to evening a stream of callers, generally

on their own errands, stormed the door, and when at home he saw them all. Scarcely an uninterrupted meal was ever his portion, and only in the late hours of the night could he be sure of any seclusion.

Of social life in the strict sense he knew almost nothing. A rare dinner-party, once or twice a speech at a public banquet, now and then a few friends to "tea" was all the formal social life he ever had. He avoided purely social functions, and had no time for formal entertainment. On Sunday evenings the tea-table welcomed a number of young men, some the friends of his sons, some "strangers," some the sons of old Irish friends, who had their homes in America. Yet he rarely was able to sit through that meal, for an engagement to preach somewhere would compel him to excuse himself and hurry away leaving some course untouched. As he walked the streets he thought out his sermons and articles, often making a note or two on an envelope while waiting for the family called upon to appear.

He was always gentle and considerate, with a native grace that art could add little to, and there was absolutely no difference in the way he spoke to or treated the most exalted rank or the most ignorant servant girl. To all he was the same

kindly, fatherly gentleman. He attached importance to good manners, and lamented sometimes the "boorishness" of other wise useful ministers. To an Irish theological student he wrote urging him to make the most of some home life in Belfast as "an opportunity of cultivating the Christian refinement a minister so much needs."

He was himself also extremely active for so large a man, and many will ever remember a certain grace and dignity with which he mounted the pulpit. He had a love for order and reverence in church services, though disliking all elaborate ritual. His taste in these matters was refined and simple, and nothing annoyed him so much in the pulpit, or on the platform as to have a fussy man whispering arrangements, choosing hymns, arranging the parts of the service. He felt that all such things could and should be arranged beforehand, noted on paper, and then carried out without distraction and fuss.

So busy a life needed year by year change and rest. Hence each summer was given over to "vacations." In point of fact more work was often accomplished in such a "vacation" than the average man gets done in his busy season. Except for a few weeks on the continent my father

generally preached every Sunday the year round, and often once or twice in the week. In Ireland or England he was in constant demand, and raised debts, laid corner-stones, and preached special sermons by way of recreation. Yet the vacation was both rest and change for him. The burden of his pastoral visitation was laid down. He also gained from his travels new inspirations and materials for his ceaseless production of sermons and articles. All through the vacations his literary work went on. He would pause a day on his journey to complete a Sunday-school lesson or finish a contribution promised to some review or newspaper.

The first trips to the continent as already mentioned were made from Dublin, when Paris, Rome, Switzerland, the Rhine and the principal places of interest along the tourists' highroad were visited. Again in 1869 he visited the continent and kept a careful diary of the journey. At Bern he records the fact that he "saw the Federal Parliament in session. It resembles in arrangements the Senate of the United States and is orderly and impressive," and he was impressed again and again by the "views from the passes of rugged, bare, bold, precipitous rocks, of cliffs overhanging mighty depths, of the angry rivers

chafing along through hindering rocks as they dashed in mad leaps down the mountainsides, and then of bits of utter and dreary desolation, where rugged nature wars with man as an intruder upon her solitude; and of quiet strength and confidence as snow-capped peaks lift themselves up into the blue of heaven, far-reaching even over cloud and storm."

That same year he made a little trip alone to Oxford and Cambridge, but felt a little lonely, in fact so much so "as almost to destroy at times the pleasure of seeing places which I have wanted to see for twenty years, but for which I had neither time nor money until now." The first sermon he heard in London was by Spurgeon, "a magnificent and yet simple sermon." The continental services were less pleasing, although he attended them regularly. At one place the journal remarks with some force "thence to the Rue ——— (Paris) where we saw and heard a sermon! From the intolerable affectation of the preacher, it was fitted to do only evil to most people. The honest and painful truth is that since we set out we did not hear one *thoroughly good* sermon or enjoy a genuine service anywhere!" In 1872 a visit was made by the whole family to California. This really tremendous un-

dertaking turned out very well, and everywhere meetings and preaching made his voice known on the western coast. In an article for the New York *Ledger* he marked some of his impressions of Yosemite valley.

“It is after midday, and a cool wind is singing through the pines, the sound of which it is impossible to distinguish from that of the falls in front of this hotel.

“The valley runs about east and west, and the east end is called the head. It is any length you please under ten miles, according as you fix its ending or its beginning. It is about a mile broad in the level portion, and if one includes the gradual rise to the precipices formed by fallen débris, it is rather more from rock to rock. The points about it are not the great height of the surrounding mountains, but their nearness, which implies their steepness, and the impressive forms they assume.

“Once in the valley, the sights are the following: Bridal Veil Fall goes with Inspiration Point; Vernal and Nevada Falls, at the head or east end of the valley, occupy a day profitably, and if you have come in by Inspiration Point, another day is due to Glacier Point. Having reached this elevation, let no tourist return without riding to

the top of Sentinel Dome—the only dome he is likely to climb, and from which he can look all around without obstruction. Unicorn Mount, the Cloud's Rest, Mount Hoffman, Mount Clark, Starr King, and the Red Mountains, are before him on the north and east, while westward he looks down the valley, and sees how it merges in the general sea of great rolling granite billows. From this point also he can cultivate the acquaintance of the solemn friends to whose white heads he looked up from the valley. There is North Dome, now seen to be rounded only on three sides, on the fourth ending a long mountain ridge. There is Washington Column, which looks as if set up to secure the dome against any risk of toppling over into the river below. To the right of it is South Dome, the western half of it fallen out apparently, itself hard, bare and inaccessible. Watkins Mount, Mount Broderick, and other elevations, are under his eye. So is the entrance to the little Yosemite; so are the Nevada and Vernal Falls; while turning towards the west, Sentinel Rock and El Capitan, both precipitous, keep watch from opposite sides over the valley; and far away, till the eye fails even in this clear atmosphere, there lie the great waves of granite, with all the intervals between them

well covered with firs and pines, which thrive in the soil and disintegrated granite the great ice-ploughs raised and left for them, when the glaciers covered all the slopes of the Pacific.

“One of the prettiest sights in the valley is at early morning and in the evening, when light is clear and bright on the domes and peaks, and the shadows still linger below. No high degree of imagination or of devoutness is needed to suggest the ‘light sown for the righteous,’ when they live an elevated and pure life, and so enjoy more than common men of the ‘beauty of the Lord.’”

In a letter of that year from San Francisco to his mother he writes, “We set out to-morrow morning for a six days’ railway journey across the continent, after a most pleasant month in this city and state. I have preached ten times these ten days. We shall be in New York again about the 12th of September, the three boys going to college the 13th. Our hope is, that God willing, our next long journey will be to you, in the summer of 1873.”

In the summer of 1870 a very severe attack of malarial fever or mild attack of typhoid nearly cost my father his life, and although he spent a good many summers in America after that it was



DR. JOHN HALL'S MOTHER

always with some misgivings on the part of his medical advisers, and later on he went almost regularly over the ocean for change and rest. One summer however he spent, as has been mentioned, touring the west in the interests of the Sunday-school Union, and informing himself quietly about home mission matters. That was in 1874, and in 1876 he crossed on the sad occasion of losing his aged and tenderly loved mother, who passed away at an advanced age. To that mother the son had been nothing but comfort, and she slept in peace in the arms of Him whom she taught her son to love, reverence and proclaim.

It was always a great source of pleasure for my father to stop a little in London, to walk its crowded streets, to climb up on the top of a "bus" and discourse with 'Arry who answered him in his best cockney, with a short pipe between his teeth. Not even advancing years prevented the indulgence in this diversion, even when the climb up to the top of a swaying London bus seemed to include for him a measure of danger.

The House of Commons was always one of his pleasures, and there we heard together the debate on Irish Home Rule question when Par-

nell kept the House together all night. The impressions of that debate are recorded in a letter printed in a weekly paper.

“The night which the present writer gave to the House was occupied by a debate on Irish Home Rule, and gave a good opportunity to note the characteristics of the House as developed in recent years. To state these as they appeared, is the purpose of this column.

“When I first made the acquaintance of the House, a certain freedom and ease of speech, of which Lord Palmerston was the type, had begun to displace the formal, stately, and Johnsonian style which Disraeli at first affected. Mr. Bright appeared to me to have the happy medium as between the two. He spoke plain English, largely Saxon, and with an ease that did not sacrifice dignity. In those days the speaker was addressed throughout, and personalities were rare. The change in this respect is amazing. Take an instance. An opposition leader, leaning both arms on the table, and looking over it into the faces of ‘the government,’ says—‘The course you are now taking is a sham.’ ‘No, no,’ cry members on the government side. ‘The course you are taking is a sham,’ repeats the honorable member, and the ‘No, no,’ comes again.

‘If honorable members will persist in their “No, no,” they will oblige me to repeat my assertion: The course you are taking is a sham,’—and, true to his threat, he repeated it till the ‘No, no,’ was given up in despair. This incident is a specimen of a new style introduced into the debates, which—with charges of inconsistency, double-mindedness, insincerity and the like—does not indicate advance in the direction of dignity.

“It is known to most of our readers that members wear their hats, unless when speaking or going in or out of the house. As the morning came in—the writer remained till after two o’clock—many were asleep and their easy attitudes corresponded. Indeed, on the side galleries a couple of gentlemen stretched themselves, and—one wishes to be parliamentary—slept so audibly that had they been on the floor the speaker might have been expected to call out ‘order.’ It is easy to see how in such conditions the tone of a meeting goes down, and men readily glide into what would hardly seem gentlemanly. A member, for example, makes his speech, and the next speaker says on rising: ‘The honorable member who has just sat down, entered the House eighteen months ago, and made the speech to which we have listened to—night, and many times be-

fore. If the honorable gentleman has nothing else to say he should save the time of the House.' It is common to credit Americans with very free speech, but after twenty years' familiarity with American public meetings, the writer remembers nothing more free—in the sense of defective dignity—than portions of this debate."

Often as he crossed the sea yet the voyage always interested my father. In one place he gives an amusing description of the more unpleasant side of the trip. He at first having suffered as others do.

"But, on the first day, if the weather be propitious, the deck is well covered with people in their land costume. Introductions are being enjoyed; reminiscences are being exchanged. 'We crossed together on the *Germania*, or the *Servia*, was it?' The sea is smooth, the sky is bright. 'What an auspicious start we are having,' say the passengers to one another. Pleasant groups are gathered together, and the 'pleasures of hope' are enjoyed in common. Old sea-goers are selecting the places for their chairs, and making little arrangements, and when the first meal is served the tables are crowded. The afternoon changes matters a little. 'The sea is treacherous, you know.' Some were very busy before start-

ing, and need a little rest. Some are very—well, there is no use in hiding it—uncomfortable—in fact, seasick.

“There are two experiences on board which notably interfere with comfort. The one is fog. The Atlantic is an admirable ocean, particularly our side of it, where it touches Coney Island, Long Branch, Newport and Narragansett; but it is subject to fogs, especially as one approaches the slice of it that British America claims. No doubt if the Atlantic were put on its defense it could defend itself. ‘If cold waves and currents come down from the north and mingle with my genial waters how can I help it?’ But whatever the defense, the fact as seen by the eye, felt all over the body and damp clothes, and forced into the ears by the foghorn is real and depressing. And when your cautious captain, mindful of the collision in which the *Celtic* and *Britannic* hurt one another, (how long Celts and Britons have been in collision and with what painful consequences!)—when the captain slows down and even stops the ship, what gloom and suspense fill the thick, dull atmosphere!

“It is a comfort that fog and storm do not come together. The latter is the second disturber of the peace. ‘Isn’t there a little more

motion in the ship?' 'The wind, I think, is rising a little.' 'Has it been blowing here? There does not seem wind enough to make these waves.' 'I think I'll go below;' and he or she goes, rather nervously and unceremoniously—these, with the closing of the port-holes, and the placing of 'guards' on the tables, and the very marked decrease of occupants of them, are among the symptoms of 'a little rough weather.' You go on deck for the fresh air, but it is cold and damp. You have to lean right or left as you walk, to watch against a salt shower-bath, to keep out of the way of sailors settling ropes, to watch your feet. You decide to 'go down.' It is a little difficult to manage things below. That sea-trunk of yours has grown restless. Combs and brushes catch the spirit of the occasion. At length you 'get lying down.' But you 'feel the motion,' and when you try to forget it those coats and garments which you adjusted so nicely on the sides of your room, as they obey the law of gravitation and swing to and fro, remind you of it, until you wish they were in the trunk, and the trunk safely anchored somewhere. Yes, there are little inconveniences to the average passenger."

Many and many a person has said to the pres-

ent writer, "We heard your father preach on board the steamship so and so." Among the steerage passengers he, also, usually held a service, and generally discovered before the voyage was over just how many north of Ireland Protestants were on the ship's list. He once spent almost the entire summer in Germany, and although he did not speak the language he picked up many vivid impressions. Some he recorded as follows:

"The solidity of everything of German construction is an obvious characteristic. Things are made to stand. There are no 'shanties.' The window frames and doors are meant for generations. The keys of houses and rooms are made without regard to the cost of the metal. The streets are paved with enormous stones, and appear to last. So it is with the common highways in many places. They recall the old Roman roads. The wagons are enormously heavy, and only matched by the weight of the harness on the horses. One sees collars on brewers' dray-horses which seem a load in themselves, and on which are piled heavy brass decorations that recall the armor of the middle ages. No wonder that they move with a slow gravity, as if conscious of the greatness of the interests they rep-

resent, and there is a corresponding feature in the minor arrangements of life.

“Now a good deal of this is unnecessary and some of it provokes a smile. But the question is—are we not in danger of erring on the other side? We are rapid, inventive, familiar with change, content to secure the present, willing to have the future take care of itself. We aim at being ‘smart’ rather than solid. Our German fellow-citizens may help us to the happy medium.”

In 1883 a sad shadow came over my father's life. He greatly rejoiced in the success and promise of my cousin John Magowan, who had taken his last year at Union Theological Seminary, and who had most successfully begun his work at the Canal Street Presbyterian Church. In a great many ways the presence of his nephew in the city and in the presbytery had been a great source of gratification to him. Then the splendid promise of wide influence for good was cut short by sudden illness; and a life that had been filled with sweetness and hope ended on November 26th, in the early dawn of the Monday morning. It was under the family roof that the illness had its fatal termination, and the dear remains rest in Woodlawn, and the spirit is with God who gave it.

The shock to my father was very great, and he never trusted himself to speak much about one to whom he was deeply attached, and from whom he with good reason expected great things. Side by side they now await the resurrection!

On November the 29th of 1891, the community was startled by the report of the attempted assassination of my father. He came walking rapidly from the church and alone up to the steps of the house, when an insane man, John G. Roth, to whom he had given some trifling help, attempted his life with a revolver. Three shots were fired, but although fired at a distance of scarcely ten feet, none took effect. The arrest of the man followed, and it was found that he was an unfortunate but dangerous lunatic. After going to the police court to identify his assailant he went into his pulpit to preach the sermon he had prepared, and in the evening preached in Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. On him the incident seemed to have left little impression, except of thankfulness to God for his escape, and certainly his wonderful coolness in quietly opening the door while the man was firing at him was noteworthy and perhaps saved his life. Hundreds of letters and telegrams from

all over the country and from Europe brought him congratulations upon his wonderful escape. The unfortunate man was at once placed under care, his condition being that of dangerous insanity.

The public man in America has a constant problem to solve in his relations to the daily press. On the one hand no sensible man fails to see the great influence for good and evil yielded by these daily publications; yet on the other hand the irresponsible character and the untrustworthiness in general and in detail breeds a great distrust of that influence. This distrust was deeply rooted in my father. On the whole he was always well treated by the papers, in general the daily press sought to say pleasant things about him and his work. Yet the emphasis placed upon just those features of his work which gave him the least satisfaction always greatly annoyed him. Very soon after beginning work in New York some correspondent described him as out on Harlem Lane—at that time the meeting-place for fast trotters—behind a pair of fast horses. Probably the correspondent meant no harm, or mistook for him a distant relative of my father's bearing the same name, and being a medical doctor bearing also the same title. At the same time the report was promptly "paragraphed" all over

the country, and even now might at any time turn up in the "plates" of some country paper. No denials, although promptly made, and no corrections in the columns of the Boston paper, although they too were at once forthcoming, made any difference; year after year the paragraph, "Dr. Hall on Harlem Lane" made its appearance as regularly as the roses came in spring or the joke about the plumber adorns the winter columns of the funny paper.

Another report, as absurd, about the enormous fortune my father was supposed to possess still lives, and circulates even now with stately gravity in the columns of papers in far Russia as well as in Germany and France. His correspondence brought him begging letters from Egypt, Japan, China, India, Sweden, Germany, Russia, Spain, and indeed all European lands. Generally the begging letters enclosed a clipping from the paper of the country giving the figures on which the correspondents based their hopes. No contradictions availed at all. Contradictions and corrections are not "paragraphed." As a matter of fact such were the demands upon the city pastor with a large family and of necessity living in a certain style, that although the salary was large and the house free,

and the living very simple—no carriage or horses ever being maintained—no money was ever saved from the yearly salary. All the small fortune that was left the widow was earned with the pen or was the result of a kindly legacy left by a dear and devoted friend. The home life was simple. Of formal entertainment, as has been said, there was none. At lunch and dinner there was always room for any one whom my father or one of the children would ask to stay and partake of the meal with the family. And of such hospitality there was abundance, but formal entertainment was made simply impossible by the busy and constantly interrupted life into which year by year my father drifted. Such was the home life. In many ways it was too public, too incessantly interrupted, too restlessly engaged, to be an ideal home life. Yet circumstances made it such, and that was one of the many sacrifices demanded by a public life upon which every one deemed himself as having a claim.

XI. CONTROVERSY AND ATTEMPTED PEACEMAKING

WRITING ON THE SAND.

Alone I walk'd the ocean strand —
A pearly shell was in my hand ;
I stoop'd, and wrote upon the sand
 My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I pass'd
One lingering look behind I cast.
A wave came rolling high and fast,
 And wash'd my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me ;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
 Will sweep across the place.
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, there will remain more,
Of me—my name—the name I bore,
 'Twill leave no track—no trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the water in His hands,
I know the lasting record stands,
 Inscribed against my name ;
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
 For glory or for shame.

—*The Missionary Herald*, 1858.

XI

CONTROVERSY AND ATTEMPTED PEACEMAKING

POWERS OF CONTROVERSY. REVISION. MISUNDERSTANDINGS. COUNSELS REJECTED. THE CASE OF DR. BRIGGS. UNION SEMINARY. ATTITUDE TOWARDS EXTREMISTS. CONCEPTION OF FUNDAMENTALS.

MANY who knew my father well have admired his powers of debate and his clearness in statement in controversy. He did not, however, either welcome argument or like debate. He could handle a sharp sword when it was necessary, but he loved peace, and generally avoided a struggle if he could do so. At the same time he now and then was pricked into sharp rejoinder and most decided action. From Professor Tyndal he exacted at one time an apology, by exposing inaccuracies in public statement in a sharp and almost scathing manner. In his Dublin controversy he most firmly maintained his ground against some of the ablest debaters of their generation. When in 1889 the question came up before the New York Presbytery on the initiative of the General Assembly as to the advisability of a revision of the Confession of Faith,

all the instincts of a lifetime of service based upon the platform of evangelical Calvinism prompted to immediate defense of that which was assailed. He dreaded, in common with many other conservative friends, the revision extending to things he considered really valuable. For him God's grace was bound up with the doctrine of man's utter helplessness. He had no intellectual difficulty himself with the doctrines of the Confession of Faith, and a most sincere admiration for the Shorter Catechism: he, moreover, deeply and heartily distrusted what Mr. Spurgeon called the "down-grade theology." In the whole revision movement he rightly saw the intellectual unrest, which he regarded as dangerous. He had been taught to regard the evangelical awakening in Ireland as a result of the reassertion of the Calvinistic system of the Confession of Faith, and to attach exceedingly great importance to the subscription which had been enforced in Ireland in 1840. There may be other opinions on such questions, but the fact here to be emphasized is that the course of conduct pursued in the debate was throughout consistent with these positions. He was not present when revision was overwhelmingly decided upon in the meeting of November, 1889. The

daily press announced, of course, that "Calvinism must now go," etc., and this stirred up my father to point out that the committee was not appointed to "alter the system of doctrine," and he in general defended both the committee and the presbytery. This defense of the presbytery gave rise to the report that my father also favored revision. No one, who really knew his method of thought and was familiar with his early training and opinions could have made any such mistake. He had no objection to explanations of the language of the Confession to make it conform to the evangelical proclamation, as he understood it and preached it, but he devoutly believed that the Confession of Faith stood for that proclamation. He saw in it only what he thought he found in the ninth chapter of Romans.

When then he joined the debate, and took issue with the committee appointed by the presbytery to formulate the changes desired, he not only was not inconsistent, but did what any one really knowing his views might have foreseen he would do. He was, however, charged with inconsistency and defended himself in the following statement:

"The presbytery—when I was not present,—

discussed the question of 'revision' in a style so revolutionary that the papers gave out, in various forms, the idea that—as they put it—'Calvinism must go.'

"A committee was appointed to frame resolutions and indicate the extent of 'revision' desired. It began with strong protestations that the system of doctrine must not be touched, and then indicated the points to be amended. A time was fixed for discussion, which was not then entered upon.

"I remarked that I hoped the 'world-enlightening editors' would give as much prominence to this paper as they had done to the other statements. I referred to the preservation of the doctrine; I had no reference to the details.

"In consequence of this statement, some of the revisers—ignoring the facts contemplated in my words, misapprehended them, and charged me with change of attitude, when opposing the proposed changes. When discussion came I pointed out that in the dropping of chapter iii the Committee took exactly the ground of the Cumberland Presbyterians, and that if the Assembly accepted this change we must apologize to them, and ask them to join with us.

"Other reasons were stated, into which I need

not go: but all the counter-arguments made, and since written, only deepen the conviction that too many of the friends of revision are not in sympathy with the 'system of doctrine,' and that—while an explanatory statement might avert some incidental evil—revision as favored, would do more harm than good.

"The plea was made that our Calvinistic statements kept good young men from the ministry. With exclusive regard to this statement I called attention to the authorized statistics of the Cumberland Presbyterian ministry showing that the want of ministers is a real evil, with them notwithstanding the elimination of the matter thought to be undesirable, from the confession."

This allusion to the Cumberland Presbyterians called forth from some of them, who misunderstood his position, sharp criticism. This was the more inexcusable as he had fought their battle in the "Pan Presbyterian Alliance" when he urged that they should be included as belonging to historic Presbyterianism, not on the basis of details of doctrine, but on the basis of broad principles and history.

To this criticism he replied in the same statement already quoted:

"And now the dear Cumberland brethren are

lecturing me for an attack on them, when the only thing done was to notice their condition, as publicly described,¹ as an answer to the intimation that we would get more candidates if we had not the pointed Calvinism. My opposition to the proposed removal of chapter iii—which is the main point—is that to alter it, as proposed, would require other alterations to preserve the consistency of the whole, and the truths assailed are as pointedly asserted in Scripture as in our Confession, and were needed then, and are needed now, as protests against errors more or less congenial to human pride and self-sufficiency.

“Our friends sometimes fail to look at a statement in the light of the circumstances calling it forth, and the uses it was meant to serve. Is there not a like tendency in relation to statements of the Confession of Faith, and the inspired writings themselves?”

At the meeting held early in 1890, to decide how far revision should go my father took very

¹The “public description” was from the *St. Louis Observer* as follows:

“Out of 2,689 churches, only 215 have service every Sabbath, and 564 have no regular preaching. Out of 1,595 ministers, 720 give all their time to the preaching of the Word. Not the one-half of either churches or preachers do anything in the work of missions.”

strong ground against what he considered radical changes in the Confession of Faith as it stood. Even those who disagreed entirely with him bear testimony to the adroitness and force of his argument against the changes proposed. Some of those arguments are valid yet, as he tried to show that simply eliminating a chapter without other and more radical changes would not improve conditions, and would spoil the Confessional statement.

The movement for revision was however, so strong that he felt something might be said to correct wrong impressions. Hence he proposed the following resolutions, in answer to the Assembly's question:

Resolved, 1. That, endorsing the committee's adherence to the system of doctrine contained in our standards, we decline to approve the proposed changes to chapter iii of the Confession of Faith, for these, among other reasons: that the removal of all the sections but the first would imply obligation to modify many other facts of our standards, and would be generally regarded as the first and decisive step in the way of other and vital changes.

2. In view of the misinterpretations, to which, it is believed by some of the brethren, sections

3 and 4 and 8 of chapter iii are liable, it be submitted, to the Assembly if it seems to be needful, to formulate a statement as an explanatory or declaratory note disclaiming any views, beliefs or intentions in the direction of these misinterpretations.

3. That in regard to the question of infant salvation the General Assembly be asked—if it judge it right,—to formulate a similar brief statement, to the effect that our hope of the salvation of infants is based not—as some rest it, on their sinlessness, nor, as others believe, on the virtue of baptism, but on the grace of God through Jesus Christ, and the power of the Divine Spirit.

These resolutions, like the negative motion of Dr. Shedd, were rejected, and when in the spring a solid delegation pledged to revision, from which a large vote excluded my father, he felt that his responsibility for the time had ceased.

In the meantime the attack upon the inaugural address of Dr. Charles A. Briggs, professor at Union Seminary had been made, and the Assembly had vetoed his transfer from one chair to another. The legal aspects of the powers of the Assembly gave rise at once to questions. At a meeting in June, 1891, of the directors of the seminary my father took the ground that if the

relations existing between the seminary and the Assembly were broken, he would have to resign. He came on the board, he thought, after consultation with Dr. Adams to represent the Old School sentiment in its new relation to the work of the now United Church.

If the seminary, he argued, ceased to be the work of the United Church he had no place in its counsels. In a letter to the *New York Tribune* of June 12th, 1891, he put plainly his view of the case, and feeling as he did, and the action of the directors, taken equally conscientiously having broken the relation, he resigned from the Board of Directors. His letter was as follows:

To the Editor of the Tribune.

SIR :—In a report of the last meeting of the Board of Directors of Union Theological Seminary, furnished I know not by whom—we had no reporters present—occurs the following sentence: "It was noticed, however, that the Rev. Dr. John Hall retired from the meeting on the plea of important engagements elsewhere before a vote was reached."

This is the only reference to myself, and is so liable to a certain misunderstanding that I feel bound to state the facts.

I was at the meeting from its beginning at three o'clock until a quarter past five, when I had to leave, as I was under a promise to lecture to a Presbyterian church at White Plains—a "labor of love," at the request of its acting pastor, and my valued friend.

Up to the hour of five o'clock, the point urged by several members (I do not give names, because I have only one object in mind), was that the seminary, in the arrangement made with

the General Assembly twenty-one years ago, did what was ruled against in its charter, what was illegal, and what, in law, forfeited its rights to its property, and that, therefore, the Assembly had no power, and could have none, to veto an appointment of a professor. This plea was supported by high legal authority, and evidence was given that some of the directors apprehended all this, when the late Dr. Adams framed the overture made to the General Assembly, the acceptance of which placed Union Seminary in a new relation to the Assembly.

To all this, as a matter of fact, I had nothing to say. Legal technicality is sometimes one thing, and equity quite another. The question before the board respected our duty to the Assembly under whose "care" we had placed the institution. (See minutes of Assembly for 1870, pp. 17, 148.) I felt bound to say that our immediate duty is to go to the Assembly and say in plain language: "We erred when we placed the institution under the care of the General Assembly, for we were precluded by our charter from doing so. We misled you, unintentionally of course, and gave you powers which we had no right to give. For twenty-one years we have been under your care, under a misapprehension, for which we, the directors, are responsible, and are deeply sorry." So clear did this obligation seem to the exponent of the defense, that he framed a sentence and offered to put it in his paper, embodying the acknowledgment. On this paper, though its adoption was moved and seconded, no vote was taken.

I added that the natural outcome, from the facts stated, must be the separation of the Union Seminary from the Assembly, after a relation established, on our own motion, for twenty-one years, and which made the Assembly responsible for our work, before the churches; and that then it would become a question to some of us whether we could, in the circumstances, remain members of the board. We invited the Assembly to take us under its care. It accepted the responsibility, and it acts under a sense of it. We now say to it, "Hands off! We had no right to put ourselves under your care, as you, and we, and the world understood it, for these one and twenty years."

I mention these things "to correct the impression that the report in the *Tribune* would suggest, namely, that I had no opinion on the matter, or that I did not desire to be committed to any side." My conviction I stated in the plainest way that I could, urging the obligations on us as men, as Christian men, as a public Christian body, whose proceedings now interest so much the community.

I have ventured to put in quotation marks the point which I hope will be "noted." I have rarely to explain my position, or defend myself, but as I am to be out of the country for some little time, I wish to save critics—higher or lower—trouble in speculating upon my motives. Yours most truly,

J. HALL.

New York, June 12, 1891.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors in November, 1892, the resignation was accepted with expressions of "high appreciation of the service you have rendered to the seminary during the long period of your directorship, and their sincere regret that the pleasurable associations of so many years should for any reason be terminated."

This action, as my father often said, was quite independent of any action the General Assembly might take in the coming trial for heresy of Dr. Briggs. He, of course, disapproved of the inaugural address. From his standpoint he could not be of one mind with what seemed to him a dangerous position. For higher criticism, as he understood it, he had no patience, believing that

all difficulties would ultimately yield to research. He was quite outspoken from the beginning of the controversy to the end of it on his own views of modern theological thought and the critical views of the origin of sacred scriptures. Like Dr. McCosh he thought Dr. Briggs wrong in many of his critical positions, and in public and private always honestly expressed those views.

At the same time he did not hope much from a trial for heresy, and exerted himself to the utmost to avoid that conclusion. This gave deadly offense to some of those most interested, to whom the trial for heresy was a mere means for warding off revision, and the maintaining the supremacy of a certain type of thought in the church. This was what made my father's position difficult in the extreme. He agreed heartily in the desire to guard against any radical revision, he did not and could not enthusiastically share in the heresy trial as a means to that end.

He had himself no doubt that Dr. Briggs was technically outside the confessional limits, but he had no desire to really exclude him, if only he was satisfied that in the main evangelical essentials he was in harmony with the mass of believers. Many thought that had my father gone to the Assembly in 1891 instead of sending his alternate

he might have avoided the subsequent trouble. But in the first place his election was an entire surprise to him, and he had made arrangements he could not with honor break; and in the second place notice had been served upon him by his natural friends and allies on the conservative side that they would tolerate no mediation. He felt, and in view of past events, he undoubtedly rightly felt, that he could not carry the Assembly for the only policy he thought just and sensible, and that by the action of the previous year he had been relieved of responsibility in the matter.

Never had my father the least doubt as to the main issue of the inerrancy of Holy Scripture in all the essentials of its history, nor did he attach importance to the difficulties raised by modern criticism. In large measure, in fact, they lay beyond the sphere of his particular interest. Yet while for himself this was true, and he would have personally assented to any definition of inspiration however rigorous on these points, he nevertheless came into contact with men of whose Christian experience and whose reverent scholarship he had no doubts whatsoever, who could not accept theories that seemed to him rational and even obvious. The attitude of Scotch scholarship had in this matter the greatest weight with

him.¹ Naturally traditions led him to look rather to Scotland than to either America or Germany for the intellectual stimulus every thinking man needs. And in Scotland he saw theologian after theologian pass from the extreme position to the looser, as he counted it, definition of inspiration.

Moreover the traditions of the struggle for orthodoxy in Ireland excluded heresy-trials. Dr. Cooke had resolutely refused to commit the Synod to this step. "Guard," he advised, "the entrance to the church, but suffer all those now within to re-

¹It may be permitted here for the present writer to add a personal word. It was not unnaturally argued that the position taken by the writer affected my father's conduct in this struggle. This was not the case. From the outset there was a full understanding between father and son; and although undoubtedly it was painful that convictions differed, in letter after letter assurances were given of the utmost confidence in the sincerity of those convictions, and unfaithfulness to them would have given my father deepest pain. When the time to speak out seemed to the writer to have come, an opening in another sister church offered itself. This seemed a ready solution of the difficulty, but my father resolutely refused to have that step taken, and urged retention of my connection with the Presbyterian Church, only enjoining gentleness and moderation in the maintaining of my convictions. The slightest hint from my father that he doubted my rights within the lines of the Presbyterian communion, or the least indication that he regarded it as a hindrance to his own free action would at any stage of the controversy been sufficient to have led me quietly to withdraw. All such steps my father steadily and continuously opposed.

main in peace." The extreme "Arian" party, as it was called withdrew to a remonstrant Synod, but the clerk of the Assembly, after publicly avowing his Unitarian position, was not even disturbed in his holding the clerkship.

Moreover the methods of the extreme party were distasteful to him. He felt somewhat as Dr. McCosh is said to have done, that Dr. Briggs should be answered and refuted, but that a heresy-trial was no answer. There was no attempt to "shirk" issues, as one of the extreme party charged him with doing. He separated himself at once from Union Seminary when he considered his own position compromised, he vigorously opposed revision of the standards, and his rejected resolution would have been agreeable to Dr. Shedd or any of the really responsible conservatives, he attempted to avoid a heresy-trial and stood manfully for peace, and although never wavering in his own personal convictions, he was willing to put up with "weaker brethren" if only Christ was preached. The so-called "liberal" men knew and respected his position, the taunts and insults came from a few whose intemperate words and actions could not shake my father's faith in the conservative position, but in whose methods he could have little part and

in whose aims he did not always have confidence.

In this spirit he also refused to have the Home Board made a partisan agency by which the church could be "purged," as one correspondent urged upon him, from those who refused the shibboleths of the extreme faction. Instinctively he felt that Protestantism rested upon the harmony of reason and faith, and his confidence was firm that the matter had only to be discussed rightly, and that faith would gain the victory. As one, a member of his session, and himself an outspoken partisan wrote to him: "I have noticed the impertinent reference to your private affairs in the *Tribune* and your answer to it. I wish to say that your course in keeping free from the strife and contentions, clamors and evil speakings on both sides in the Briggs controversy, I consider eminently wise and proper. You are not called upon to be a partisan on either side if you prefer peace and brotherly kindness; and I am sure your consistent course will approve itself to all your people, and to all considerate men."

He, moreover never avoided any opportunity of expressing himself, publicly and privately, as his correspondence and printed documents show,

on the issues of the case. In the heat and strife however his counsels of patience and moderation were unheeded, perhaps a calmer review than is now possible of the whole history will establish the wisdom of his course. To have, however, acted otherwise than he did would have been a complete departure from the traditions of a lifetime, and a change in the entire habit of his mind and heart. It was therefore to him that younger men all over the country wrote asking advice after the condemnation of Dr. Briggs at Washington as to what they should do under the circumstances, and to them the answer was uniformly "stay where God has put you, if you can honestly preach Christ as the Saviour of the world, and work in harmony with your brethren in the Lord." He felt deeply sorry that so many had accepted, what seemed to him, a fallacious and imperfect conception of inspiration, and that so wide-spread a falling off from traditional opinion was manifest; he thought greater care should be exercised by presbyteries in the admitting of men to the ministry; but he saw no remedy in heresy-trials, and did confidently believe that truth would assert herself in her own way.

His course was watched and approved by

thoughtful friends both conservative and advanced on the other side of the Atlantic, and he felt after the first heats of the controversy were over that calm discussion and "more scholarship" would relieve the situation. What he regarded as essential he once formulated in a paper on church unity. He wrote:

"If I were asked, what is most promotive of true church unity, I could make but one reply. Let there be the preaching and teaching of the inspired word. Let the Saviour be held up as prophet, priest and king, through whom alone access is had to the Father; as He is the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls let His authority be supreme in the Church. Let an educated and earnest body of men use the word, sacraments and prayer, as indicated in the New Testament, and in reliance—not on human attractions, social influences, or the energy of human flesh, but on the power of the Holy Spirit, and believers realizing the one Lord, the one faith, and the one baptism, and so the one relation, will be seen as one by their Father in heaven, and so recognized by their fellow-men."

XII. SUCCESSES AND SHADOWS

HE ABIDETH FAITHFUL

Friends I love may die or leave me,
Friends I trust may treacherous prove,
But Thou never wilt deceive me,
O my Saviour! in Thy love.

Change can ne'er this union sever,
Death its links may never part,
Yesterday, to-day, forever
Thou the same Redeemer art.

On Thy cross love made Thee bearer
Of transgressions not Thine own,
And that love still makes Thee sharer
In our sorrows on the throne.

In the days of worldly gladness,
Cold and proud our hearts may be;
But to whom, in fear and sadness,
Can we go but unto Thee?

From that depth of gloom and sorrow,
Where Thy love to man was shown,
Every bleeding heart may borrow
Hope and strength to bear its own.

—*The Missionary Herald, 1858.*

XII

SUCCESES AND SHADOWS

DEGREES AND HONORS. INTERDENOMINATIONAL FELLOWSHIP. CHURCH UNITY. FAMILY SORROWS. THE WARSAWIAK CASE. THE DEMANDED RESIGNATION. THE CONGREGATIONAL PROTEST. THE CHURCH REORGANIZED.

NO man ever sought recognition less than the subject of this biography. He was by nature both reserved and shy. The calm self-possession that marked him in the pulpit and on the platform sprang from his habit of constant self-control and from his profound sense that he had a message which was not simply his own.

It was hard to persuade him in his student days that he was the right one to go as representing his class to Connaught. A proud shyness marked him as a student, and is noticed both in his correspondence and his diary of those days. The prominence he attained to in Ireland was thrust upon him. He took the first outside honor that was offered him—the Queen's commissionership of education in Ireland—because it gave him a field of congenial usefulness, and because it represented a principle, and not for the honor it

brought with it. While highly self-respecting and free from artificial humility, he genuinely shrank from publicity and all mere notoriety.

His old and warmly attached friend—Mr. George H. Stuart—always a little amused and amazed him by an utter freedom in public, and by the way he enjoyed crowds, enthusiasm, noise and demonstration. These were not congenial to my father. He loved order, and his tastes were sober and quiet. His reserve made his intimate friendships very few, yet he thoroughly enjoyed the fellowship of his brethren. He was warmly interested in the rather distinguished group of men with whom he worked in Dublin, and who one by one made marks in life for themselves in various directions. He kept alive the memories of the little circle of student days, already mentioned. When he came to New York he was at once welcomed into a well-known ministerial circle, whose associations he treasured until his death. Another gathering always deeply interested him, namely the ministerial meeting on Mondays. He never missed it unless hindered by important duties or some circumstance he could not control.

One of the keen pleasures of his life was the recurring conventions of the Scotch-Irish in

America. He looked forward with what was for him eager pleasure to these gatherings. He generally shared this pleasure with Mr. Robert Bonner who took an active interest in the life of the society. It was my father's lot to often preach before the convention, and nowhere did he ever feel more completely in touch with his audience than when taking part in the "old-time meeting" which formed a part of the convention's exercises. The first degree was received by my father while still in Ireland from the University of Washington and Jefferson, 1865, and after he came to America various degrees were given him. In 1886, Columbia University bestowed on him the degree of LL. D., but he especially accepted with satisfaction the degree of LL. D. from Trinity College, Dublin, which was given in 1891, but received personally by him in Dublin in 1893. Trinity College being wholly under the control of the Episcopal church has not often thus honored Irish Presbyterians. A notable exception was the case of Dr. Henry Cooke, who however defended the establishment, whereas my father was known to be an open antagonist of that policy. The degree was conferred in "recognition of your distinguished merits," and was understood to be a special recognition not

only of the successful career in New York, but of past services in connection with Irish affairs. The conferring of this degree not only greatly gratified my father, but he spent a most delightful few days in Dublin among his old co-workers, on the Board of Education, Presbyterian, Episcopalian and Roman Catholic.

It was part of the joy of his service in New York that he could be of use to many branches of the Church of Christ. Probably no voice has been so much heard in so many different denominations as that of my father. On Sabbath evenings he generally preached or spoke somewhere out of his own church. He delighted to be of use to churches and brethren less favored by circumstances than he and his charge were.

In the year 1875 he delivered the Yale lectures, already mentioned, and from that on almost every year he spoke to the various classes of the Yale Theological Seminary. Close and warm friendships sprang up in the Congregational Church as a result of these visits and he took a deep interest in many of the men whom he came to know in the theological classes he thus addressed.

The year 1896 is marked in his diary as a year of special blessing and peace. The health of his

wife and a son about whom he had had anxiety had so much improved that he had practically no concern in this regard. The work of the church seemed to be going on with every evidence of prosperity and peace. In the summer of that year he went as a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance, which met in London from June 30th to July 4th. In the Alliance he had always taken a deep interest. It seemed to him to be the only practical Christian unity possible, at present, obtainable. He rejoiced always in its activity and more than once stood up to defend it against those who saw in it nothing but a sentiment. He felt that denomination differences had a meaning, but that there was a spirit deeper and more unifying than the external bond. He once wrote:

“Like many other words and phrases in common use, ‘Church unity’ needs to be defined. In the minds of some it means: ‘Let the denominations or sects come and join us, just as *we* are; and so let us have unity.’ With others it means: ‘Let us work together, not against one another but against ignorance, worldliness and vice.’ This is the idea represented in the Evangelical Alliance, and the idea which has my sympathy. As an illustration of its working I

can exchange pulpits with Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, and other brethren, and show that while we have our several forms of machinery and distinctive features in our Church-life, yet we have the same message in substance to deliver to the people. It is desirable that this form of unity should be realized more and more, so that economy might be practiced, and if a modest village has a couple of congregations equal to the wants of the place other two might not press in and at the cost of Missionary Boards push competitive effort."

That autumn's work showed an extraordinary amount of activity. Before Christmas the visiting was well in hand, and the year closed in the journal with a characteristic prayer of thanksgiving. The peace and quiet activity of the year was however, not carried on into the following one 1897. The first shadow was the sudden and severe illness of the present writer, and at a certain stage hope of recovery was surrendered and my father was called to Chicago, where my charge then was. For some days of anxiety and suspense he remained haunting the bedroom for some gleam of hope. He preached on Sunday morning in the vacant pulpit, and came home to find marks of improvement; but

the rejoicing was cut short by the dreadful news of the death in far-off Santa Barbara of the third son Richard, whose career as a surgeon had been brilliant, but who had been banished by ill-health to California.

In suspense still about me, and burdened by the dreadfully unexpected news from California, he hurried home to be of comfort to the sorrowing mother. And in the same spring a dearly loved grandchild was stricken down, and hope and hopelessness, and long periods of suspense were brought to sad termination; and deeply did my father feel the sorrow of his dearly loved daughter.

In the preoccupation caused by these sorrows upon sorrows there was brought to his attention the matter of an assistantship. This question had often come up; that my father was overworked no one doubted; but that any one could do much to help him was seriously questioned. He had himself a great dislike of repeating the experiment of Dublin, but the chief difficulty was that the moment an assistantship was planned, wires were pulled and arrangements made to force upon the church men whom he considered unwise choices. So vigorous were these efforts that again and again the only way out of the difficulty seemed

to be the postponing of any choice. After calmly viewing the evidence it is hard to resist the impression that some of the bitterness that clouded these last days was the direct result of these disappointed plans. The requirements of the place of assistant or co-pastor to one who had for thirty years borne such a burden alone were indeed many. It was needful that in theological opinion such an one should share the main intellectual outlines of the pulpit instruction. My father had many feelings, which he himself would not have called more than prejudices, but which he cherished, and to have put them aside would have lost him much discomfort. He had no "principle," for instance, in the matter of Church music, but he was deeply prejudiced against the ordinary Church choir. He had suffered from it once, and disliked it. What other Churches did was a matter of almost indifference to him; he sometimes even enjoyed a hearty chorus or a fine rendering of some simple church music in churches where he was a visitor, but for himself he disliked anything save congregational singing where he was responsible for the service.

To the present writer he often said that the embarrassments of an assistantship lay much

along this line of putting a yoke upon a younger man, such as he had himself felt in his earlier days to be irksome, and which he yet felt would be necessary if the arrangement should really succeed. Rightly or wrongly he now felt that some who were not wholly loyal and friendly to him were pushing this matter with selfish purpose in view.

In about the year 1889 there had come a young and evidently highly gifted converted Jew, Hermann Warszawiak by name to New York with strong letters of commendation, and with personal letters to my father. After some signs of power in preaching to his countrymen he was employed by the New York City Mission, and carried on his work with seeming success. Letters then came to New York of a confidential nature to my father warning him that the young Jew would be attacked, and urging him to protect the missionary against what was said to be a conspiracy. Shortly after this the connection between Mr. Hermann Warszawiak and the New York City Mission was severed, and a committee undertook to manage the work he had begun. This arrangement did not succeed, in part because the committee did not have time to attend to the matter, in part because perhaps Mr. Warszawiak

was not easily managed. The work had my father's full endorsement. He trusted Mr. Warszawiak fully, although even then strongly urging him to carefulness in money matters. Attacks began now to be made upon the young missionary's character. These were of a vague and general nature. At once my father investigated those that were sufficiently definite to be investigated, and in one case at least the charge was at once proved to be a gross and clumsy slander. Mr. Warszawiak was responsible to the session of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and desired to be taken under the care of presbytery. Here objection was made and one accuser produced documents which he alleged contained conclusive evidence of bad character. This allegation is now known to have been a misstatement, for all the charges brought against Mr. Warszawiak were subsequent to that meeting, and no evidence can yet be called "conclusive" of anything.¹ Having been warned of such attacks it was no wonder that my father constantly demanded evidence, and having in at least three several instances proved conclusively

¹ The following is the text of the judicial finding at the last Ecclesiastical trial. To the Moderator and Session of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church,

that charges made were base slanders, it was the least that he could do to suspend judgment.

Sitting as a Judicial Court of Jesus Christ,
In the Matter of the charges preferred

—against—

Hermann Warszawiak,
a member of the Church.

The undersigned, the committee appointed in the above matter to report what course of proceedings should be taken therein, beg leave to report, that they have considered the proceedings heretofore had in this matter before this session, The Presbytery of New York, the Synod of New York and the General Assembly, and have examined the charges and specifications containing the names of proposed witnesses in their support; and also the two petitions of the accused dated respectively June 28th, 1898, and October 25th, 1899, asking that a new trial be issued.

The charges are that the accused on certain dates during the months of January, February and March, 1897, won and lost money by gambling in a public gambling-house and pool-room. All of the witnesses named in the specifications in support of the charges (except some who were called on the former trial only to prove formal matters which did not touch the charges of gambling) are professional detectives; none of them are members of the Church (except possibly one) and some of them are not even adherents to any form of Christian faith.

The evidence of such witnesses alone, even supposing that they should swear to the truth of the charges, would not be considered by many fair-minded Christian members of our Church as conclusive of the guilt of a fellow-member, when he denied on oath the truth of their evidence, as was the case in the former trial.

There is no suggestion or rumor that the accused has since

At last the trial took place. Of that so-called trial the less that is said the better. Whatever

the dates mentioned in the charges, now nearly three years old, been guilty of any of the acts charged against him, and he has ever since continued to and still does teach the Gospel of our Lord in an acceptable and public manner to members of his kindred.

The former trial, and subsequent proceedings before the Presbytery, Synod and General Assembly, created very great excitement, and caused very bitter and unchristian feeling, not only among members of our own congregation but among the members of the whole Church, and was the occasion of much scandal to the Church before the general public.

Your committee are consequently of the opinion that further prosecution of said charges could not result in any good or to the purity of the Church, but on the contrary, would disturb the peace and unity of our own congregation and of the church; and would do great injury to the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ, in our midst, and they therefore recommend that this court do not proceed with a retrial of the accused upon said charges, and that this court pass the following preambles and resolution, namely :

WHEREAS it is now nearly three years since the dates of the alleged immoral conduct charged against Hermann Warszawiak, namely, gambling at a certain public gambling-house or pool-room ;

AND WHEREAS, The said Hermann Warszawiak has since that date been debarred from the Communion of this Church ;

AND WHEREAS, He has during that time been leading a moral life and has not ceased to publicly teach the blessed gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, to the people of his own kindred ;

AND WHEREAS, The witnesses named in the specifications to support the charges (except some who were called on the former trial only to prove formal matters not touching the charges of gambling), are professional detectives, are not mem-

Mr. Warszawiak may have been—and some are still inclined to suspend judgment on this point—the trial was no model of what a calm Christian court should be under such circumstances. In the finding my father was in a minority. His verdict however, of “not proven” was sustained by the New York Synod in 1898 after my father had passed from the field of conflict. That action was, “It appears that injustice may have been done Warszawiak in the original trial before the session in not appointing him any counsel, in not

bers of the Church (except possibly one) and some of them are not even adherents of any Christian faith, and therefore are not such that unqualified credence should be given them ;

AND WHEREAS, The former trial and subsequent proceedings therein have been a source of continual irritation and a hindrance to kindly brotherly Christian feeling in the Church, and a detriment to the advancement of Christ's Kingdom in our midst ;

Therefore, Resolved, That it is the judgment of this court that a retrial of Hermann Warszawiak upon the charges heretofore preferred against him would not result in any good or to the purity of the Church, but on the contrary, would disturb the peace and unity of our congregation and of the church ;

Therefore, Resolved, That the said charges be, and they hereby are, dismissed, and that he, Hermann Warszawiak, be and hereby is restored to the communion of this church as a member in good and regular standing.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Dated, this 3d day of November, 1899.

This action became the action of the Court, though not unanimously.

granting him access to the records, in totally striking out his testimony for contumacy, and in allowing undue cross-examination into financial matters not included in the original charges." The appeal was therefore sustained, and the case was ordered to be retried.¹ Rightly or wrongly my

¹ The full text of the Synod's decision is as follows:—

The appeal of Hermann Warszawiak from the judgment of the Presbytery of New York, sustaining the finding and judgment of the session of the Fifth Avenue Church of the City of New York, having been found in order by the Synod of New York, on the 19th day of October, 1898, and a Judicial Commission having been appointed to hear and determine the issues raised by such appeal; and such commission of Synod having met on the 19th, 20th and 21st days of October, 1898, and proceeding in due form according to the Book of Discipline, § 99: the judgment, the notice of appeal, the appeal and the specifications of the errors alleged having been read, together with so much of the records of the case as was admitted by mutual consent of the parties, the appellant and respondent having been heard at length, the members of the judicatory appealed from having been heard, and also the members of the commission; the vote having been taken on each specification of error alleged.

"The said Judicial Commission, after voting upon each exception specified in the notice of appeal, does determine and adjudge that the Presbytery of New York did err in hearing and adjudging the appeal of Hermann Warszawiak from the session of the Fifth Avenue Church of the City of New York.

"It finds the lower court in error in irregularities in the proceedings: I spec. 7 and 12, in refusal to entertain and consider complaints in the form of objections and exceptions. II spec. 4, in refusal of reasonable indulgence. III spec. 4, 5, 6 and 12, in hastening to a decision. V spec. 3 and 5, and therefore it

father was again convinced that the charges of gambling were trumped up, and certainly no court of civil justice would admit the evidence that was produced. He was staggered in his faith in Mr. Warszawiak for a little time by an alleged confession of Mr. Warszawiak's to a prominent citizen of New York. But my father was a good listener, and was of a curiously skeptical mind in every-day affairs. He had two interviews with the gentleman and convinced himself that the statements made were, to say the least, inaccurate. He marked two such glaring inaccuracies in the account given him that he lost faith in his

sustains the appeal, and reverses the judgment of the Presbytery of New York.

"Further, it seems to the commission that injustice may have been done Mr. Warszawiak, in the original trial before the session, in not appointing him any counsel, in not granting him access to the records, in totally striking out his testimony for contumacy, and in allowing undue cross-examination into financial matters not included in the original charges.

"It is therefore the order of this Synod that the appeal be sustained, and that the Presbytery of New York be instructed to remand this case to the session of the Fifth Avenue Church with instructions to retry Hermann Warszawiak upon amended charges, including the misuse of moneys contributed for missionary purposes."

On appeal the Assembly of 1899 sustained the Synod save only striking out the instructions "to retry on amended charges" on the ground that original jurisdiction pertained only to the session.

informant's powers of objective observation. At the same time he felt that he could not endorse the work to others until the matter was cleared up. This was previous to the trial before the session. At that trial he was still farther convinced that whatever might be the truth, no conclusive proof of guilt was in the possession of those prosecuting Mr. Warszawiak.

The matter was still farther complicated by the somewhat intemperate defense of Mr. Warszawiak by a well-known evangelist from England, who did not confine himself to the facts of the case but impugned in an unwise manner the motives and lives of those who, no doubt, sincerely distrusted Mr. Warszawiak. For that attack my father felt sincerely sorry, but he had no reason for interfering, as he was neither consulted by nor even well-known to the author of that attack.

My father, it is true, had lost confidence in the calm impartiality of some of the chief assailants; and the outrageous misstatements of one of them had completely undermined my father's previous reliance upon his fairness and good judgment; at the same time his one steady demand was evidence and facts. And these were never forth-

coming. The last authentic judgment¹ of my father was written from Buxton, England, in June, 1898, when in a letter to the *Tribune* of New York, he said:—

To the Editor of the Tribune.

SIR:—May I ask the insertion of this brief statement on a matter concerning which more letters have come to me than I have been able to answer.

Mr. Warszawiak came to New York bringing from Europe the strongest letters of commendation, including one of introduction to myself from a prominent minister in Edinburgh.

He was taken, after a little, into connection with the New York City Mission, and for a considerable time had strong indorsement from its officers. After separating from it, and also from a committee that took up his work, he went on with it independently and with apparent usefulness.

¹ The stages of the case were as follows: About 1889 Warszawiak came to New York. Employed by New York City Missions. United with Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in 1890. Honorably discharged by City Missions in 1894-5. Carried on his work independently. Applied for admission to New York Presbytery, 1897. Accused and convicted before Session of Church, 1897. Appealed to presbytery and trial before a commission, 1897. Appealed to Synod October, 1898. Appeal sustained, but new charges ordered. Appealed to Assembly 1899 against that order. Sustained. Synod refused to obey Assembly and asked for instruction. Warszawiak asked for new trial before Church Session. Trial had before Session and case dismissed 1899. Appeal and complaint lodged against action of Session in dismissing. Presbytery found appeal and complaint "not in order." General Assembly at St. Louis dismissed whole matter. Mr. Warszawiak therefore to-day in good standing in Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

The charge against him, which was referred to the Presbytery of the Fifth Avenue Church Session, namely, gambling, was held by a minority of the session to be "not proven." My opinion was with the minority. The matter of his use of money, though incidentally brought to the notice of the session, had not been referred to it.

Mr. Warszawiak went to Europe, it was understood, to arrange money matters. Since that I have had no communication from him, and accordingly I am not in a condition to continue indorsement of his plans for pecuniary aid. It appears to be my duty, therefore, to say that—whatever the state of the case may be, and whatever the issue of his appeal to the church courts—it is impossible for me to answer intelligently the question as to his financial management.

JOHN HALL.

Buxton, England, June 17, 1898.

To many my father seemed simply obstinate, not knowing how many obscure motives on the part of those prosecuting the case were quite obvious to him. The young Jew was really very helpless and friendless. My father had moreover a keen sense of justice. He felt that in accordance with Anglo-Saxon tradition he must stand by an accused man and treat him as innocent until he should be proved guilty. All the old-fashioned chivalry of his nature was appealed to, and he demanded that whether Mr. Warszawiak were guilty or not, he at least should have a fair trial and his rightful opportunity to establish his innocence if possible.

This unhappy incident produced many alienations. Moreover the conditions in the church had much changed. Nearly all the old advisers of my father, who had welcomed him to the country had passed away. The restlessness of American life knows little of sentiment, and ties are easily broken. There had been discontent on the part of some of those with whom my father was working with his policy in many directions. Some disliked his course in the theological controversy of the past years; nothing but a bitter partisanship, of which he was incapable, would have satisfied them.

Others desired changes that could not easily be made while his "prejudices" existed against what they wished. Some of the younger generation did not, perhaps, value his careful pastoral work as highly as an older generation had done. When he took the part of *Warszawiak* with the minority of four, it became evident that to some extent the majority of the session was on trial. As early as July, 1897, a rather harsh coarse letter from a member of the session informed my father of a private meeting called to consider displacing him. This was a fearful shock to a man bowed with sorrow, and was perhaps all the more disastrous in its effects that it was borne

alone and in silence. On the return in the autumn of that year another such private meeting seems to have been held, and my father was given to understand that it acted in the sense of the greater part of the congregation. He acquiesced. A special committee of session was appointed to consider the whole matter, and he was made a member of it. Of course that membership was purely *pro forma*, he simply assented to whatever was done as the minute introduced and carried shows. That minute was as follows:

WHEREAS our pastor, Rev. John Hall, D. D., LL. D., after thirty years of arduous labors amongst us feels constrained to seek relief from the burdens and responsibilities of the pastorate, and has advised us of his intention to apply to presbytery to dissolve the pastoral relations existing between him and this church, therefore,

Resolved, That this session desires to place on record its very deep sense of Dr. Hall's untiring and unselfish labors, and the great blessings which have attended his ministry. Coming to this country and becoming our pastor in 1867, he has gone in and out amongst us for thirty years, preaching the Word, visiting our sick, burying our dead, and bringing comfort and help to souls

cast down and sorrowful. The prosperity and usefulness of our church for so many years bear witness to the blessings which have attended his labors. Nor have these labors been confined to this church alone: Church Extension in this City, Home and Foreign Missions, Ministerial Education, Support and Relief, all Church work has been benefited by his services. Indeed, no form of religious or philanthropic labor can be said to be alien to him. His influence for good has been felt and recognized throughout the whole Christian world, not merely in his own but in every other evangelical denomination.

Resolved, That a meeting of the church and congregation be called to take action on the pastor's resignation, on Wednesday evening, January 19, 1898, at 8 o'clock in the lecture room, and that due notice of the same be given from the pulpit at the morning service on the two preceding Sabbaths, as required by the laws of this State.

Resolved, That we will recommend to the church and congregation at the meeting so to be called, that they accede to the pastor's request, and for that purpose that they appoint commissioners to presbytery to unite with him in seeking a dissolution of the pastoral relation.

And further that we will recommend them to

appoint Dr. Hall "Pastor Emeritus," and vote him an appropriate retiring allowance.

And that we will also recommend that they appoint a committee to cooperate with a similar committee, to be appointed by the session, to take steps looking to the choosing of a suitable successor to the pastorate.

Resolved, That we unite with our pastor in requesting the Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield of the Presbytery of New York to act as moderator at the said meeting of the church and congregation.

This minute was adopted at a special meeting of the session held on the 6th of January, and my father read the following letter:

*712 Fifth Avenue,
New York, 6th January, 1898.*

DEAR BRETHREN OF THE SESSION:

Having been privileged to preach the Gospel for more than forty-eight years, and having been pastor of the Fifth Avenue congregation for thirty years, I have decided—after lengthened and prayerful consideration of the matter—to resign the pastorate of the church, and so to give opportunity to the congregation to choose a successor of requisite energy and vigor for the work; and I pray God to guide the congregation—in which I have felt the deepest interest, and for the spiritual good of whose members I have labored—in the selection.

Whatever appears to the session to be best in the circumstances—whether to give up pastoral work and preaching at once, or to go on until a successor is found—I am ready to undertake.

I am, Dear Brethren,

Fraternally yours,
J. HALL.

The session adjourned, and met again on the 17th of January, 1898, when the resolutions appended were passed:

Resolved, That the session recommend to the congregation that in accordance with the pastor's wish and the report of our committee, the following resolutions be passed:

Resolved, That this church unites with the Reverend Dr. John Hall in his application to presbytery for the dissolution of the pastoral relations, and appoint commissioners to represent this church in presbytery, and instruct them to support our pastor's application, to take effect on the 15th day of June, 1898, and not earlier.

Resolved, That the Reverend Dr. John Hall be appointed pastor emeritus of this church from and after the 15th day of June, 1898, and that an annual salary of Five thousand (\$5,000) dollars be paid to him during the continuance of such relations.

Resolved, That commissioners above named be authorized with the trustees of this church to execute an agreement to that effect on behalf of this church and congregation.

The reading however of the letter and the resolutions had called out a storm of questions. Those questions were imprudently answered by

members of the session, and the private meetings became public property.

Although the action had been hitherto unanimous certain members of the session felt deeply hurt at things said to the now weary and heart-sick pastor. That the resignation was forced upon my father was not only known, but even brutally boasted about by one of those opposed to him. The storm of indignation that at once broke loose was a tribute to the immense power my father yielded. The session was at once in difficulty, and felt that they were without support in the congregation. From the situation only some strong word of support from the pastor stating that the resignation was wholly voluntary could save them. But a truthful denial was under the circumstances impossible. One of the members of his session summed up the situation in a letter to my father of the 18th of January:

MY DEAR DR. HALL:

I must express to you my feelings of sadness in the treatment you have received from the majority of our session. I cannot forget the harsh words spoken to you by some of them—you who have been so faithful and so untiring for such a number of years. I cannot understand how they can expect you now to come and stand in the breach which their blundering has brought about.

After leaving the room last evening some of them said that

if you would write a strong letter all would be made right. I said how can you expect Dr. Hall to write a strong letter after the way some of the session have spoken to him. I do not think you should say any more than what you did in your letter of resignation. If you leave hundreds will follow you, and leave the church to go elsewhere, so it will not be for the good of the congregation. I trust you will stand where you are and let the congregation show you and the session what they desire. I am yours very truly.

Hundreds of letters came pouring in. Many called, and in three days it was plain that the resignation under such circumstances would lead a large number to leave the church. Members of the session had led my father to believe that practically the whole of the congregation had been sounded, and desired his resignation; he was now willing to leave the whole matter to the congregation. This was the course urged by advisers in whom he trusted.

On the nineteenth of January the congregation met and passed the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, The session of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church has called this meeting of the congregation to take action on the proposed resignation of our pastor, Dr. John Hall, referred to in his letter to the session under date of January 6th, 1898,

Resolved, That the congregation respectfully decline to accept or to approve of such proposed

resignation, and also decline to appoint commissioners for the purpose of uniting with the pastor in seeking a dissolution of the pastoral relation by the presbytery; and

Resolved, That adopting as an expression of the feelings of this congregation, the several petitions and resolutions of the Ladies' Auxiliary, the Young Women's Missionary Society, the Young People's Association, the Sunday-school, and of the members of the church and congregation presented herewith as part of this resolution, and tendering to Dr. Hall the loving assurance of co-operation with him in the future work of this church, the congregation urgently request him to reconsider and withdraw any and all action taken by him looking towards such resignation; and further,

Resolved, That Messrs. Robert Bonner, Samuel B. Schieffelin, William Brookfield, J. Henry Work and Mrs. Theodore Weston be appointed a committee to communicate these resolutions to Dr. Hall; and that this meeting do stand adjourned for two weeks from this date, for their report, and for such other action as may be deemed proper.

January 14th, 1898.

At a special meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Boards of Home and Foreign Missions of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, called by the Executive Committee and held this day

with a large attendance of its members, the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, We, the members of the Ladies of the Auxiliary to the Boards of Home and Foreign Missions of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, have heard with deep sorrow and regret of the resignation of our beloved pastor, Rev. John Hall, D. D., LL. D.

AND WHEREAS, We, as an organization representing an important department of the work of the women of the church, and profoundly loving the church to which we are bound by the closest ties of inheritance and personal consecration, feel it our duty and our privilege to accept our full share of responsibility for every act of the church, which may affect the honor of the Great Head of the Church, of our church itself, or of our pastor ;

Therefore, Resolved, That while as individuals, we have made haste to express our sense of the deep personal obligation to Dr. Hall, which we feel for his faithful teaching and exhortation, for his ready sympathy in every time of joy and sorrow, and for his tender ministrations in the dark hours of bereavement, we do now desire, as an organization, to publicly express our love, our confidence and our loyalty to Dr. Hall and respectfully but most earnestly to request the church not to accept his proffered resignation.

We therefore request that this paper be read at the meeting of the church and congregation to be held on Wednesday, January 19th, 1898, in behalf of this Auxiliary.

(Signed)

CATHERINE B. WESTON, *President.*

MARY G. JANEWAY, *Secretary.*

WHEREAS, We, the members of the Young Women's Missionary Society of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, have heard with deep regret of the resignation of our beloved pastor, Rev. John Hall, D. D., LL. D.,

WHEREAS, We, as an organization, representing in our

membership nearly every family of the church, bound by closest ties and deep devotion to both pastor and church, have met together with a full sense of our responsibility, both personal and as a society,

WHEREAS, We realize all Dr. Hall has been and is to each one of us by his sympathy, his encouragement and his example, that by his teaching and preaching he has inspired us with a living interest in missions, and *loving him with all our hearts,*

Resolved, That we hereby make public expressions of our love and loyalty to Dr. Hall, That we respectfully and earnestly request the church not to accept his resignation.

MARIA LOUISA SCHIEFFELIN, *President.*

WHEREAS, Our beloved pastor, Dr. John Hall, has handed to the session of our church his resignation as pastor and the session have called a meeting of the members of the church to consider this resignation, and

WHEREAS, We, the members of the Young People's Association of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, desire publicly to express our love and devotion for Dr. Hall, and our deep grief at learning of his resignation, and our complete confidence in him as our spiritual guide, our pastor and our friend, and, further, that it is not our wish that he resign as we appreciate all that he has done for us as younger members of his congregation by counsel and by example and by his active interest in our association as has been shown by his presence at nearly all our religious meetings, and as we, or at least many of us, owe him special affection on account of his ministrations in baptizing us into the church and also in being the means of leading us to a public acknowledgment of our faith in Jesus Christ,

Be it Resolved, That we respectfully request Dr. Hall to reconsider his resignation, and we most earnestly hope that it will not be accepted by the said meeting of the congregation.

Be it Resolved Further, That we request that this resolution

be read by the moderator at the meeting of the church and congregation to be held on Wednesday, January 19th, 1898, on behalf of this Association.

WILLIAM SLOANE, *President*.

ELIZABETH ELLEN ANCHINCLOSS, *Secretary*.

WHEREAS, The Woman's Employment Society of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, have heard, with profoundest sorrow, of the resignation of our beloved friend and pastor, Dr. John Hall, whose philanthropic heart and kindly counsel made our labors both lovely and successful.

Therefore be it resolved that we, in all sincerity, pray that Dr. Hall may reconsider his determination to lay down the pastorate, which has so greatly blessed our city, and glorified God, and that he may continue to guide us with his counsel and "break unto us the bread of life."

We, Therefore, request that his resignation be not concurred in and that any commissioners who may be appointed to go to the presbytery be instructed to oppose the acceptance of his resignation, and that this paper be read by the moderator at the meeting of the church and congregation to be held on January nineteenth, 1898.

FANNIE OGDEN DUTCHER, *Secretary*.

The only communication from my father was a letter through the moderator saying:

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Let me ask you, as the presiding officer of the evening, to inform the congregation that I have agreed to the resolution of the session that my resignation should not take effect until next June. My earnest prayer is that God in His goodness will direct such steps as will make for Christian harmony and continued usefulness of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Yours fraternally

J. HALL.

To the committee my father made the following communication:

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

On the 6th of January in presenting my resignation of the pastorate of the congregation at a meeting of session I offered to give up work at once, or to go on until a successor should be found. One of a series of very kind resolutions of the session was that a meeting of the church and congregation should be held on January 19th to take action on the resignation, according to our form of government.

That meeting was held on January the 19th and it was duly reported to me that the clerk of session was the secretary, that several of the elders were present, and that there was no other view presented than that—as you were appointed to inform me—my resignation should not be accepted; and no committee was appointed to carry the matter to presbytery.

Believing that this meeting represented the feelings of the church and congregation, and having had many most tender appeals from members, and there having been no other course suggested by the officers of the church, I announced from the pulpit on the following Lord's day my willingness to continue in service, so long as strength was given from above, and this was done from an earnest desire to quiet anxiety on the subject and continue the happy Christian unity of the congregation. In Dr. Hodge's book on Presbyterian Law there is a statement of what is to be done under such circumstances by the pastor (section quoted). Let me add, dear friends, as representing the congregation, that I mean to continue as active pastor, only while the services are for the spiritual good of the congregation. I am responsible to the Head of the Church for the best interests of the members, whether rich or poor, and God helping me I shall do the best I can for them. Considering the many years of work graciously given me, that period cannot be very remote, and my prayer is that the Divine Head of the Church may direct to the harmonious choice of an "able minister" as

successor ; and in the meantime, if it seem fit, to a competent assistant. I am, dear brethren in the good hope through grace,

Truly yours

JOHN HALL.

The result, although foreseen by some, distressed my father beyond measure. The trustees resigned in a body, and nine of the elders tendered their resignations, saying they regarded the step as forced upon them by the action of the congregation.

Undoubtedly hard things had been said of the session, and it was true that they undoubtedly deeply misunderstood the mind of the congregation, and no longer represented it. A strong body of trustees was at once elected to take the place of those resigned, but delay was urged to see if the session might not be reconstituted as of old. This was found to be impossible, the resignations were accepted and good men were elected in their places. Some left the church, but the enthusiasm called out by the struggle to retain their beloved pastor far more than offset any such losses.

The strain of a long interval since then without a pastor has been splendidly withstood, and after my father's death upon obtaining competent leadership the work of the church was resumed

with full vigor, and perhaps with an increased sense of congregational responsibility for the success and condition of all the work in which the church was engaged.

The scenes of affection, and the evidences of devotion deeply touched my father.

He had however felt a shock that warned him how deeply his life was bound up with his people. A coarse insulting letter from a member of his session utterly misrepresenting the course of events was the only incident on which I ever heard from him an indignant word. The misrepresentation of his motives, the coldness of those whom he loved as his children, and the shameful misrepresentations of the feelings of the congregation had done their work. The proud, shy, self-contained heart, schooled to self-control, to passionate pity, and to tender consideration for every one but itself, broke under the strain. The shadow of the coming translation was already on the home.

XIII. THE LAST JOURNEY HOME

THE EVENTIDE

One loves to mark the setting sun,
Sink in the west, his day's work done,
With good to all—with harm to none,
In the quiet evening time !

One loves to mark the lessening light,
And mark the steps of coming night,
While home and life to him are bright
In the quiet evening time.

One loves in easy window chair
To breathe the cooler evening air,
And think of all things calm and fair,
In the quiet evening time.

One loves to think of rest at last,
To come at length, now coming fast,
When all life's toils and griefs are past
In the quiet evening time.

One loves to summon well-loved friends,
Whose memory with his heart-life blends,
From graves at earth's remotest ends
In the quiet evening time.

One loves to think how silent night,
Gives place at length to morning light,
When west and east will all be bright;
In the quiet evening time.

—J. HALL.

March 5th, 1882.

Published in the New York Ledger.

XIII

THE LAST JOURNEY HOME

THE ILLNESS IN NEW YORK. ORDERED TO BUXTON. THE INCREASING WEAKNESS. THE JOURNEY TO IRELAND. LAST VISIT TO RUTLAND SQUARE. THE JOURNEY NORTH. HOME LONGINGS. THE LAST HOURS.

THE wonderful self-possession that marked my father's life at any crisis, never left him during the agitations and excitements of the days of great strain in the beginning of 1898. After the successful reorganization of the church, and after the election of a strong body of trustees had insured the pecuniary affairs, he took up work with seeming vigor; the workers were called together, the various branches of church-life reviewed. The session that had resigned had desired to close a mission church which my father thought the congregation under a moral obligation to maintain, the funds for keeping it up were at once put into the new session's hands, and the offer of the sale of the building was withdrawn. The congregations increased, no doubt, in part through the publicity given to the resignation and its withdrawal.

The outward composure was however paid for by a heavy price. Naturally a man of peace, dearly devoted to the interests of the congregation, it had been a heavy blow to be dealt with so roughly. Men of affairs, accustomed to battle with not overscrupulous opponents; roughened by life on the plane of the ethics of "the street," and accustomed to force their plans to an issue without much consideration for others' feelings, were not in a position to judge of what the disturbance, and their desertion of my father cost him. The crisis came when relative peace and harmony had been restored by the withdrawal from the counsels of the Church of all save one or two of those not in sympathy with the pastor. On March 25th my father was taken suddenly with trouble of the poor weary heart. He struggled manfully against the rapidly increasing disablement. In May he presided at the communion service, but speaking was too great a risk, and although he conducted some funerals and married a few couples, he had to forego preaching, and in June was sent by the doctors across the water to find the rest which now alone promised any hope of recovery. The present writer was in Europe and hurried at once to England to meet the parents at Buxton

whither the doctors had sent them. The change wrought by that fatal winter was all too apparent. The strong ceaseless worker was a broken and tired-out patient. No complaints were on his lips, but the pulse was irregular, and the breathing often bad; what the doctors ordered was gently and uncomplainingly taken. In Buxton the strength seemed at least to hold out, and having made arrangements to meet the parents again the writer went back to the continent.

While at Buxton a great longing overcame my father to visit once more the old home amid the green fields of Ireland. He longed again to exchange greetings with the sisters whose love never left him.

Unwilling to postpone his visit he telegraphed me not to come back to Ireland, and that he and my mother would make the journey alone. That I knew to be out of the question and leaving Austria I hurried as fast as possible up to the north of England and arrived in time to catch them still there. The change in the few weeks was all too obvious. The springy step was the slow pace of a worn-out man. Heart stimulant had to be taken at intervals that seemed most alarming. The journey to Ireland passed off

fairly well, and fair weather favored the travellers.

Great was my father's delight to find at Holyhead Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton Magee his old college chum and his wife, lifelong devoted friends. That little meeting was sweet and fragrant with tender words of love and confidence, even as if each knew that only in the everlasting peace would they see each other again.

In Dublin a rest had to be taken. On Sabbath morning we went together back to the old familiar church on Rutland Square, where in days now forever past crowds had hung on the words of gentle comfort, strong warning and glorious offers of eternal life. It was the last public service he was ever to attend.

My father could scarcely bare the strain of standing, and the kindly greetings of those who came up to him awestruck and saddened by the great change, greatly wearied him. One has borne witness in print to the impression then made.

"That Dr. Hall had been wounded, harassed, humiliated no one who saw the change these last years made in him could doubt. With sad hearts his friends saw him a broken man, and this at the end of his long, faithful life. Perhaps

it was all needed to loosen the strong ties of earth. The storm made him welcome the haven. Perhaps he needed to know more fully than he had yet known 'the fellowship of His sufferings.' Anyhow he has won his rest."

The old strong longing for the fields of the quiet north of Ireland made itself felt, but the physical condition made the journey impossible. Monday he rested, and on Tuesday got up and drove out for a little. That day our visit was made to the old time friend of long ago; Mr. Smith of the Vice Regal Lodge gardens was sought out. He also was nearing the setting sun, and waiting for the dayspring from on high. In broken accents prayer was offered up, and as we drove away through the once so familiar fields of Phoenix Park old memories of past friendships and bright hopes of future reunions stirred my father to an outburst of gentle thankfulness for God's wonderful goodness amid the calms as amidst the storms of his life. The journey to Bangor was to have been broken at Belfast, but my father's impatience to see his sister would brook no delay, and we went on. This journey tested all his strength, and with difficulty he was gotten to bed in the home on Crawfordsburn Road that was to be for him the

portal to the Eternal City. He had hoped to visit Ballygorman, the place of his childhood and birth. This was no longer to be thought of, but to satisfy him I left him for a night, and brought back word from the old home, and warned the sorrowing sisters of the serious character of the illness.

Ceaselessly my mother tended with untiring love the gentle uncomplaining invalid. For those last days a Heavenly Father gave a most remarkable strength and endurance to one, who had herself been very near the gates. Towards evening one day my father ventured a few steps from the house to overlook the sea, on which the evening sun was shining, tipping the wavelets with a golden red. To him it seemed an image of that everlasting beauty awaiting him in the presence of his Saviour King.

Now and then he asked me if his voice was weak. It was, alas, weak and husky, but this, I assured him was natural after so severe an illness. His sisters and old friends from Belfast visited him, and he seemed cheered and helped by these visits. Indeed in Dublin also faithful friends greatly comforted him, and when at the station a lifelong and dearly loved friend brought her sister's little girls with fruit and flowers he

was wonderfully brightened up and cheered by it. Yet on the whole, weakness asserted itself more and more. Less and less did the beating heart respond to the remedies, and when on Wednesday I returned from the old homestead with news from Ballygorman, the physician in charge had wisely telegraphed for assistance from Belfast. But the specialist could do no more than was being done. The diagnosis was muscular degeneration of the heart, what is so pathetically called in popular tongue "the sad heart" a condition the doctor said—although knowing nothing of the circumstances of my father's illness—due to worry and anxiety. The doctors held out no hope. From that on only watching and waiting was our portion. There were intervals of restlessness, and then apathy, then a ceaseless struggle for breath marked the closing hours.

The last night we watched together, mother and son, and when the morning broke, the sun shining over the water and flooding the room with splendid glory, the Saviour called the tired messenger home to peace and rest and his everlasting reward.

XIV. THE LAST RITES

“THERE REMAINETH THEREFORE A REST FOR
THE PEOPLE OF GOD”

Hebrews 4:9.

There is a home for the child of God
Whose sins have been all forgiven,
And the weary believer forgets his load
Of cares when he enters heaven —
O ye ! whose hearts are with griefs opprest
Rejoice for this world is not your rest.

There is a friend in that world above
And His love is deep and pure.
That friend is Christ, and His arm is strong,
And His mercy is ever sure.
Hear this O ye ! who love His name
He knows the weakness of your frame.

And there is a heart in that world above
With a love that is better than wine,
For oh ! how tender and large that heart
And how filled with love divine !
O ye, whose comforts below are few,
That heart is Christ's and He cares for you.

And there are joys in that world above,
The highest, and purest and best,—
How sweet the news to a weary soul
Of a near, eternal rest !
Rejoice and be glad ! for to you it is given
To suffer and trust, but your rest is in heaven.

XIV

THE LAST RITES

THE FUNERAL IN IRELAND. THE REMAINS TAKEN TO NEW YORK. SERVICES IN NEW YORK. TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY. THE LAST RESTING-PLACE.

THE passage for my parents had been taken on the Cunard Line for the 17th of September, but, of course, word had been duly sent that illness would prevent their sailing. Arrangements were therefore now made for taking the dear remains the following week. The eldest son had arrived half-an-hour after the closing scene, having travelled in haste to Bangor. On Sabbath afternoon simple services were held in the home of the sister, Mrs. Magowan.

In that home my father had had peculiar pleasure, as he aided in planning and building the house. The Rev. Mr. I. McCauly, the pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches in Bangor, most kindly and sympathetically conducted simple services, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Robert Patterson and the Rev. Mr. Crawford. The moderator of the General Assembly most kindly desired more public recognition in the way of a larger

service, but the health of my mother, and the dread of increasing a strain already great made such a course impossible.

The funeral services in New York were on the morning of October the 4th, 1898, in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church into which so much of my father's life had been built. Dr. John McIntosh of Philadelphia, Dr. Wm. M. Paxton of Princeton and the moderator of the General Assembly of that year, the Rev. Dr. Radcliffe took charge of the services, and paid tributes to the worth and services of him whom God had taken. On Wednesday morning the remains were taken to Woodlawn and laid to rest beside the beloved nephew, the Rev. John Magowan, and near his stepson Major John Irwin. The final arrangements of the monument have not yet been made, and only a simple head-stone with a reference to Daniel 12:3, marks the place where lies the sacred dust.

Great was the outburst of real sorrow when the news spread that the great preacher and faithful pastor was to be seen and heard no more on earth. In London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Belfast, Glasgow, as well as all the principal cities of the United States, memorial sermons were preached, and memorial services were held.

Great numbers of ecclesiastical bodies on both sides of the water, Methodists, Baptists, Congregational, Episcopalian and others, joined in tributes of esteem and sorrow. Nearly all the English written press on both sides of the Atlantic and many foreign journals contained estimates of the power and value of the life that had passed away. The London *Times* paid a warm tribute to the influence of the life that was closing; and what marked nearly all these estimates was the prominence given to the directness and simplicity of the life and work. It was agreed that the elements that went to make up my father's character were not unduly complex, yet poise, industry, strength of conviction and masterly control of all those elements gave extraordinary force to the life.

The widow, three sons, a stepson and one daughter survive the father; and were all so far as health permitted present at the last sad offices. For him to die was gain. A life singularly unselfish and remarkably unspoilt by unbroken success went down at last amid the cloud-storms of opposition and betrayal; but God gave sweet peace, and gently took a faithful servant home to join in the chorus of redemption in the presence forever of his Saviour King.



